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THE  
*MONTHLY VISITOR.*

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OCTOBER, 1804.

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SKETCH  
OF THE  
*LIFE OF ADMIRAL GARDNER.*

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" Britain's best bulwarks are our wooden walls."

OF the truth of this assertion every Englishman must be fully convinced; and in what grateful remembrance should we hold those of our countrymen, who sacrifice their lives and their fortunes in defence of our liberty and independence! It must be pleasing to us to recur to those numerous gallant actions which have so eminently distinguished the British flag, and secured to us the sovereignty of the ocean. Nor can it be less congenial to our feelings, when we reflect on the patriotic subscription at Lloyd's; where the peer and the peasant have kept pace with each other, in the generous emulation of rewarding those who have suffered in the cause of their country.

VOL. 9. NO. 34. L

In former numbers of our monthly labours, we have had the pleasing task of recording the valor of an Abercrombie and a Nelson, and it is with no less satisfaction that we now sit down to lay before our readers some account of the career of a distinguished naval hero, no less respected for his courage and enterprize in battle, than for his social virtues in private life.

SIR ALAN GARDNER, who, at an early age, evinced a predilection for maritime enterprize, is a native of Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, and is one of those few remaining heroes who were educated under the auspices of Hawke, Boscawen, and Anson, in the war of 1756. He has been the associate of Rodney and Howe, names illustrious in naval history: about 1759, he became a lieutenant, and March 12, 1762, was advanced to be master and commander. On the 19th of May, 1766, he took post as captain to Admiral Parry, in the Preston. On the commencement of the American war, he was employed in the West-Indies, and availed himself of those opportunities which hostilities always afford the officers of the navy. In Nov. 1778, he commanded the Maidstone, and after an obstinate engagement of several hours, took the Lion, a French ship of 40 guns, manned with 216 men, off Cape Henry. In this action he had only four men killed and nine wounded. In July, 1779, he displayed considerable bravery in the action off Grenada, with d'Estaing.

The following is an extract from Admiral Byron's dispatches on this occasion, which will convey to our readers an idea of the then state of the English ships, and that of the enemy's.—

“ The signal was immediately made for a general chase in that quarter, as well as for Rear-admiral Rowley to leave the convoy; and as not more than 14 or 15 of the enemy's ships appeared to be of the line, in the position they were in, the signal was made for the ships to engage, and form as they could get up; in consequence of which, Vice-admiral Barrington, in the Prince of Wales, with Captain Sawyer, in the Boyne, and Captain Gardner, in the Sultan, being the headmost of the British squadron, and carrying a press of sail, were soon fired upon at a great distance, which they did not return till they got considerably nearer; but the enemy getting the breeze of wind at that time, drew out their line from the cluster they were lying in, by beating away, and forming to leeward on the starboard-tack, which shewed their strength to be different from our Grenada intelligence; for it was plainly discovered they had 34 sail of ships of war, 20, or 27 of which, were in the line, and many of those appeared of great force: however, the general chase was continued, and the signal made for a close engagement, but our utmost endeavours could not effect that, the enemy industriously avoiding it by always bearing up when our ships

got near them; and I was sorry to observe, their superiority over us when sailing, gave them the option of distance, which they availed themselves of, so as to prevent our rear from ever getting into action; and being to leeward, they did great damage to our masts and rigging when our shot could not reach them."

The French, notwithstanding these advantages, declined battle, and got off, after an attack which did credit to every one of the English concerned in it. Captain Gardner had 16 men killed, and 39 wounded. Having remained in the West-Indies, he was promoted to the command of the *Duke*, of 90 guns, in which he shared in the glorious and memorable victory of the 12th of April, under Lord Rodney; his ship having been the next to the *Formidable*, (Lord Rodney's) which cut through and broke the French line, and by that means decided the fortune of the day. In this engagement he had 13 men killed and 60 wounded.

Having been appointed a lord of the admiralty in January 1790, he was promoted to the rank of an admiral, Feb. 1, 1793. At this time he was selected, amongst other able defenders, to oppose the French in the West-Indies, from whence he returned in a few months, with a large fleet of merchantmen under his convoy. He soon after commanded the *Queen*, of 90 guns, and effectually contributed in rendering the 1st of June, 1794, a



day of glory, which will be ever memorable in the annals of Great Britain. For this essential service his majesty was pleased to confer on him the title of baronet; a title which, being *honos virtutis*, the reward of merit, has a greater claim to respect than all the *hereditary* titles in the kingdom! His name was also included in all the votes of thanks, and congratulations from public bodies, on this important victory; and he also received, in common with his colleagues, a gold chain and medal from his majesty. Having been appointed Vice-admiral of the White, he removed his flag from the Queen to the Royal Sovereign, of 110 guns, and afterwards commanded a division of the naval force employed on the channel service.

About the year 1778, Sir Alan Gardner married the widow of — Turner, esq. by whom he has a numerous family; two of his sons, desirous of imitating their father's conduct, engaged in the naval service, and have been already advanced to the rank of post-captains.

“ Thus they resolv'd to purchase in their youth  
renown,  
To make them lov'd and valu'd when they're  
old.”

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 THE REFLECTOR.

 NO. 92.
 

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## THE CHASE;

 BY WILLIAM SOMERVILE, ESQ.
 

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WE now proceed to the *second* book of this charming poem, persuaded that our extracts will impart no little gratification to our readers. There is a spirit and a beauty in most of the passages, which cannot fail of exciting admiration.

The *morning* is thus described with uncommon beauty :

Hail gentle dawn ! mild blushing goddess, hail !  
 Rejoic'd, I see thy purple mantle spread  
 O'er half the skies ; gems pave thy radiant way,  
 And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend !

The *unkennelling of Hounds* is most picturesquely described.—

————— As captive boys,  
 Cow'd by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns  
 Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks,  
 If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain  
 The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,  
 But give a loose all to their frolic play.—  
 So from their kennel rush the *joyous pack*—  
 A thousand wanton gaieties express  
 Their inward extasy, their pleasing sport—  
 Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.  
 The rising sun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,  
 As many colours from their glossy skins

Beaming reflects, as paints the various bow  
When April show'rs descend. Delightful scene!  
Where all around is gay—men, horses, dogs;  
And in each smiling countenance appears  
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy!

The *course* itself, the *dogs*, and the *hare*,  
are characteristically pourtrayed.—

————— How low they stoop,  
And seem to plough the ground; sters all at once;  
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam,  
That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds, let  
loose  
From the dark caverns of the blust'ring god,  
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.  
Hope gives them wings, while she's spurr'd on by  
fear;  
The welkin rings; men, dogs, hills, rocks, and  
woods,  
In the full concert join. Now my brave youths,  
Stript for the chase, give all your souls to joy!

The *death* of the *poor hare* is happily illustrated, by an allusion to antiquity.

See, see she flies, each eager hound exerts  
His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.  
How quick she turns! their gaping jaws eludes,  
And yet a moment lives; till round inclos'd  
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams  
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies!  
So, when the furious Bacchanals assail'd  
Thracian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!  
Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,  
Return'd their clam'rous rage: distress'd he flies,  
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;  
For eager they pursue, till, panting, faint.  
By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks  
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey!

The poet now passes by an interesting transition, from the hunting the puny hare to the grand *war chase* of the Indians; in which beasts of every kind, lions, pards, boars, tygers, bears, wolves, are consigned to irreparable destruction.

And now, perchance, (had Heav'n but pleas'd)  
the work

Of death had been complete, and Aurengzebe,  
By one dread power, extinguish'd half their race;  
When, lo! the bright sultanas of his court  
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display  
Those charms, but rarely to the day reveal'd.  
Lowly they bend, and humbly sue to save  
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny  
When suppliant beauty begs? At his command,  
Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops  
Leave a large void for their retreating foes.  
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,  
To seek on distant hills, their late abodes!

The book closes with a *moral* hint, which, we trust, will not be lost upon those for whose use it is intended.

Ye proud oppressors! whose vain hearts exult  
In wantonness of pow'r 'gainst the brute race---  
Fierce robbers, like yourselves, a guiltless war  
Wage uncontroll'd—here quench your thirst of  
blood;  
But learn from Aurengzebe, to spare mankind!

The two other books will be the subject of future consideration.

*Islington.*

J. E.

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DESCRIPTION ON THE  
*MARKETS AND COFFEE-HOUSES*  
OF PARIS.

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THE market-places of this immense metropolis are filthy and disgusting in the extreme; it is a chaos where all sorts of commodities are jumbled together; the few sheds there are in a very small degree protect the provisions of the town from the inclemencies of the weather. When it rains, the water drops from the tops of the houses into the baskets that contain the fruit, vegetables, and butter. The outskirts of the markets are hardly passable; the places where the stands are being small and narrow, you are in constant danger from the carriages that pass while you are completing your bargain. Sometimes the stream, pouring along, carries off part of the very goods it had but a little before brought to the town, and you see the fish, accustomed to clear water, flouncing about in a muddy pool. The noise and confusion of these places is so great, that it requires the lungs of a Stentor to make yourself heard; the tower of Babel could not have been a greater scene of distraction.

Within these five-and-twenty years past, a detached place has been built for the sale of flour, which has indeed disencumbered the market, but is in itself too small; it would suit any inferior town very well; but the

consumption being so great, many sacks of flour are exposed to the rain from the number there deposited. I know not how it is, but a mean niggardly spirit is manifest in all our modern public erections, which prevents any thing great being carried into execution.

The fish-markets are infectious. The republics of Greece forbid the sellers of fish to sit while they disposed of their goods; the design of which decree was to cause the fish to be made use of while it was perfectly fresh, and at a low price. The fishmongers of Paris will not sell their fish till it is nearly past eating; they keep up the price as long as they can, and the Parisian is the readiest of all creatures in the world for making an hearty meal of that which stinks: if you reproach him with it, he answers, we can but eat.—He eats indeed, but makes himself sick.

We may state the coffee-houses of Paris to be about seven hundred. They are the refuge of the idle, and the asylum of the indigent; there they warm themselves in the winter to save fire at home. In some of them they hold academical meetings, where the merits of all new productions are judged of and estimated; also every thing relating to the theatre and to poetry. All those who have been unfortunate in their attempts on the stage go thither, and are the severest; for the damned author is ever the most cruel of critics. Parties are there formed for and a

gainst a literary work ; and there are chiefs on both sides who take care to make themselves dreaded, for they take an author whom they dislike to pieces from morning till night ; it often happens, indeed, that they did not understand him ; but they go on declaiming against him, and literary reputation must endure this stormy trial.

In most coffee-houses the idle trifling prater is most tiresome ; he is perpetually plodding over the newspaper, and in that respect the Parisian credulity has no limits ; they swallow every thing that is offered them, and a thousand times imposed on, as often return to a ministerial pamphlet. A character of this stamp goes to the coffee-house at ten in the morning, not to quit it till eleven at night ; his dinner is a dish of coffee with milk, and he sups with another trifier ; the rich fool laughs at him, instead of asking him to dinner.

It is no longer looked on as very reputable to frequent much these coffee-houses, because it indicates a want of good connections and genteel society. Those houses, however, where men of learning and good information meet, will always be an agreeable relief when the constant round of the higher circles begins to be tiresome.

In general, the coffee one meets with at these houses is very bad, and too much burnt ; the lemonade very dangerous, and the other liquors are made up with spirit of wine ; but

the good Parisian, who is always satisfied with the appearances of things, swallows them all down.

Every coffee-house has an orator in chief; those in the fauxbourgs are commonly provided with a gentleman of that description from amongst the tailors' apprentices, or the shoemakers; and why not? ought not the vanity and self-love of all to be in some degree gratified.

Great court is paid to the ladies of the coffee-houses, who, always surrounded by men, are obliged to affect a superior degree of virtue, to keep off the constant attacks they are exposed to: they are all great coquettes, but coquetry seems to be a necessary attribute of their profession.

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### MEMOIRS

Of the late

*SIR WILLIAM JONES.*

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(Continued from page 393, vol. 8.)

**D**R. THACKERAY was succeeded in the superintendence of Harrow School by Dr. Sumner; and the period of tuition, under the latter gentleman, passed rapidly, to the mutual satisfaction of the master and scholar, until Jones had reached his seventeenth year, when it was determined to remove him to one of the universities. This determination was not adopted without much



hesitation; for it had been strongly recommended to his mother, by Sergeant Prime, and other lawyers, to place him, at the age of sixteen, in the office of some eminent special pleader: and they supported their recommendation by an observation, equally flattering to him, and tempting to his mother, that his talents, united with such indefatigable industry, must ensure the most brilliant success, and consequently the acquisition of wealth and reputation. It is a singular proof of his curiosity, to explore unusual tracks of learning, that, at this early age, he had perused the Abridgment of Coke's Institutes, by Ireland, with so much attention, that he frequently amused the legal friends of his mother, by reasoning with them on old cases, which were supposed to be confined to the learned in the profession. The law, however, at that time, had little attraction for him; and he felt no inclination to renounce his Demosthenes and Cicero for the pleadings in Westminster-Hall. His disgust to the study of the law had also been particularly excited, by the perusal of some old and inaccurate abridgments of law cases in barbarous Latin. This disinclination on his part, the solicitude of Dr. Sumner, that he should devote some years to the completion of his studies at the university, and the objections of his mother, founded on reasons of economy, to a profession which could not be pursued without considerable expense, fixed her deci-

sion against the advice of her legal friends. The choice of an university was also the occasion of some discussion. Cambridge was recommended by Dr. Sumner, who had received his education there; but Dr. Glasse, who had private pupils at Harrow, and had always distinguished Jones by the kindest attention, recommended Oxford. His choice was adopted by Mrs. Jones, who, in compliance with the wishes of her son, had determined to reside at the university with him, and greatly preferred the situation of Oxford.

In the spring of 1764, he went to the university for the purpose of being matriculated and entered at college: but he returned to Harrow for a few months, that he might finish a course of lectures which he had just begun, and in which he had been highly interested by the learning, eloquence, taste, and sagacity, of his excellent instructor. They separated soon after with mutual regret, and in the following term he fixed himself at Oxford.

The name of Jones was long remembered at Harrow, with the respect due to his superior talents, and unrivalled erudition; and he was frequently quoted by Dr. Sumner, as the ornament of his school, and as an example for imitation. He had not only distinguished himself by the extent of his classical attainments, and his poetical compositions, but by the eloquence of his declamations,

and the masterly manner in which they were delivered. In the varied talents, which constitute an orator, Dr. Sumner himself excelled; and his pupil had equally benefited by his example and instruction. In the behaviour of Jones towards his school-fellows, he never exhibited that tyranny, which in the larger seminaries of learning is sometimes practised by the senior, over the younger students. His disposition equally revolted at the exercise or sufferance of oppression; and he early exhibited a mind, strongly impressed with those moral distinctions which he ever retained. Of the friendships which he contracted at school, many were afterwards cultivated with reciprocal affection; and among the friends of his early years, some still survive, who remember his virtues with delight, and deplore his loss.

His friend Parnell, whose departure from school he laments in a letter to his sister, was the late Sir John Parnell, who held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, in Ireland. His testimony of the merits, capacity, and proficiency, of his friend and fellow-student, at Harrow, extracted from a memorandum, which he gave to Lady Jones, will confirm my own account of him. "The early period of life is not usually marked by extraordinary anecdote: but small circumstances become interesting, when we can trace in them the first principles of virtue, and the first symptoms of those talents which after-

wards so eminently distinguished the character of Sir William Jones. He gave very early proofs of his possessing very extraordinary abilities. His industry was very great, and his love of literature was the result of disposition, and not of submission to controul. He excelled principally in his knowledge of the Greek language. His compositions were distinguished by his precise application of every word, agreeable to the most strict classical authority. He imitated the choruses of Sophocles so successfully, that his writings seemed to be original Greek compositions; and he was attentive even in writing the Greek characters with great correctness. His time being employed in study, prevented his joining in those plays and amusements which occupied the time of his other school-fellows; but it induced no other singularity in his manners: they were mild, conciliating, and cheerful. When I first knew him, about the year 1761, he amused himself with the study of botany, and in collecting fossils. In general, the same pursuits which gave employment to his mature understanding, were the first objects of his youthful attention. The same disposition formed the most distinguished features at an early, and at a late period of his life. A decision of mind, and a strict attachment to virtue, an enthusiastic love of liberty, an uniform spirit of philanthropy, were the characteristics of his youth, and of his manhood; he did no

act, he used no expression, which did not justify these assertions."

A collection of English poems, composed by Mr. Jones at Harrow, was presented by him to his friend Parnell, 1763. The first and longest of the collection, containing more than three hundred and thirty lines, is entitled *Prolusions*, and is a critique on the various styles of pastoral writers. This was written by Mr. Jones at the age of fifteen, and is the original of the poem, which he afterwards published under the title of *Arcadia*.

The new situation of Mr. Jones, at the university, did not at first correspond with his expectations. Under the tuition of a master, who saw with admiration his capacity and application, who was anxious to assist his exertions, and rewarded their success with unlimited applause, his ardour for learning had been raised to a degree of enthusiasm: at the university, he expected to find a Sumner or Askew, in every master of arts, and generally the same passion for literature, which he had himself imbibed. It was evident that such extravagant expectations must be disappointed; and from the public lectures, he derived little gratification or instruction; they were much below the standard of his attainments, and, in fact, were considered as merely formal; and, instead of pure principles on subjects of taste, on rhetoric, poetry, and practical morals, *he complained* that he was required to attend dull comments on artificial ethics,

and logic detailed in such barbarous Latin, that he professed to know as little of it as he then knew of Arabic. The only logic then in fashion was that of the schools; and in a memorandum written by himself, which is my authority for these remarks, I find an anecdote related of one of the fellows, who was reading Locke with his own pupils, that he carefully passed over every passage in which that great metaphysician derides the old system.

After the residence of a few months at the university, on the 31st of October, 1764, Mr. Jones was unanimously elected one of the four scholars on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennett, to whose munificence he was ever proud to acknowledge his obligations. The prospect of a fellowship, to which he looked with natural impatience, was however remote, as he had three seniors.

His partiality for oriental literature now began to display itself, in the study of the Arabic, to which he was strongly incited by the example and encouragement of a fellow-student of great worth and abilities, who had acquired some knowledge in that celebrated language, and offered him the use of the best books, with which he was well provided. In acquiring the pronunciation, he was assisted by a native of Aleppo, who spoke and wrote the vulgar Arabic fluently, but was without any pretensions to the character of a scholar. Mr. Jones accidentally discovered him in

London, where he usually passed his vacations, and prevailed upon him to accompany him to Oxford, under a promise of maintaining him there. This promise he was obliged exclusively to fulfil for several months, at an expense which his finances could ill afford, being disappointed in the hopes which he had entertained, that some of his brother collegians might be inclined to avail themselves of the assistance of the Syrian, and participate with him in the expense of his maintenance.

The disgust expressed by Mr. Jones, after his first introduction into the university, soon subsided, and his time now passed with great satisfaction to himself. He found in it all the means and opportunity of instruction which he could wish; and adopted that respectful attachment to it, which he ever after retained. His college tutors, who saw that all his hours were devoted to improvement, dispensed with his attendance on their lectures, alleging with equal truth and civility, that he could employ his time to more advantage. Their expectations were not disappointed: he perused with great assiduity all the Greek poets and historians of note, and the entire works of Plato and Lucian, with a vast apparatus of commentaries on them; constantly reading with a pen in his hand, making remarks, and composing in imitation of his favourite authors. Some portion of every morning he allotted to Mirza, whom

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he employed in translating the Arabian tales of Galland into Arabic, writing himself the translation from the mouth of the Syrian. He afterwards corrected the grammatical inaccuracies of the version, by the help of Erpenius and Golius.

His vacations were past in London, where he daily attended the schools of Angelo, for the purpose of acquiring the elegant accomplishments of riding and fencing. He was always a strenuous advocate for the practice of bodily exercises, as no less useful to invigorate his frame, than as a necessary qualification for any active exertions to which he might eventually be called. At home, his attention was directed to the modern languages; and he read the best authors in Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, following in all respects the plan of education recommended by Milton, which he had by heart; and thus, to transcribe an observation of his own, with the fortune of a peasant, giving himself the education of a prince.

If the literary acquisitions of Mr. Jones, at this period, be compared with his years, few instances will be found in the annals of biography, of a more successful application of time and talents, than he exhibits; and it is worthy of observation, that he was no less indebted to his uncommon industry and method for his attainments, than to his superior capacity.

A mind thus occupied in the pursuit of uni-



versal literature, was little susceptible of the passions of avarice or ambition; but, as he was sensible that the charges attending his education, notwithstanding his habitual attention to economy, must occasion a considerable deduction from the moderate income which his mother possessed, he anxiously wished for a fellowship, that he might relieve her from a burden which she could ill support. If the prospect of acquiring that advantage had not been remote, no temptation would have seduced him from the university; but at the period when he began to despair of obtaining it, he received, through Mr. Arden, whose sister was married to his friend Sumner, an offer to be the private tutor of Lord Althorpe, now Earl Spencer. He had been recommended to the family of this nobleman by Dr. Shipley, to whom he was not then personally known, but who had seen and approved his compositions at Harrow, and particularly a Greek oration in praise of Lyon, an honest yeoman, who founded the school at that place in the reign of Elizabeth. The proposal was cheerfully accepted by Mr. Jones, and in his nineteenth year he went to London, and was so delighted with the manners of his pupil, then just seven years old, that he abandoned all thoughts of a profession, and resolved to devote himself to the faithful discharge of the important duties of his new situation. He had the satisfaction to find, that this determi-

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nation would probably restore him to the society of his best and most respected friend, Dr. Sumner, as he understood from Mr. Arden, that his pupil, after some preliminary instruction, would be fixed at Harrow.

He returned for the present to Oxford, where he remained for a few months, and in the summer of 1765, went for the first time, as had been proposed, to Wimbledon Park, to take upon himself the charge of his pupil's education.

He was now placed in a sphere perfectly new to him: if he quitted the university with a regret proportioned to his increasing attachment to it, his change of situation offered other advantages, amongst which he justly esteemed his introduction into the first ranks of society, and a residence in one of the most agreeable places in the kingdom. He had new objects to engage his observation, and an interesting occupation, from the discharge of which he derived great satisfaction; his application to literature was pursued without interruption, for, although he resided at Wimbledon until the approach of the winter only, he found sufficient leisure to compose many of his English poems, and to read the greatest part of the Old Testament in Hebrew, particularly the Book of Job, and the Prophets, which he studied with great attention.

In the course of the following summer, by an unexpected concurrence of circumstances,

a fellowship, which, in his estimation, gave him absolute independence, was bestowed upon him, and he went for a short time to Oxford, that he might go through the regular forms of election and admission. He was accordingly elected fellow on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennet, on the 7th of August, 1766.

The idea of deriving an absolute independence from an annual income, not exceeding, upon an average, one hundred pounds, may appear ridiculous when contrasted with the enlarged estimate of a competence in these times. But this sum, in fact, was more than the wise economy of a college life then made necessary for a single man, whose habits of prudence were formed, and Mr. Jones considered his fellowship as a freehold, in a place for which he had now contracted an enthusiastic fondness; where he had access to extensive libraries, rare manuscripts, the company of learned men, and all, as he expressed himself, that his heart could wish; and, if he had obtained it a year sooner, he would probably have been induced to decline the delicate and responsible task of education.

*(To be continued.)*

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*FASHIONS OF LONDON AND PARIS,*

FOR OCTOBER, 1804.

## LONDON.

**PROMENADE DRESSES.**—1. A round dress of white muslin, with long sleeves. A Barcelona handkerchief crossed over the bosom and tied behind. A scarf cloak of worked muslin. A straw hat, turned up in front, and ornamented with a blue feather.—2. A dress of cambric muslin; the sleeves short and drawn up on the top of the arm to form an epaulette. A black lace spencer-cloak, trimmed all round. A large straw-hat, tied under the chin with a pink handkerchief.

**HEAD DRESSES.**—1. A large straw-bonnet, turned up before and behind, and tied under the chin with pink ribbands.—2. A close morning-bonnet of blue silk.—3. A straw-hat, turned up in front.—4 and 5. The most fashionable hair head-dresses.—6. An Obi-hat, of straw or chip.—7. A morning-bonnet of fine straw turned up in front, and tied under the chin with a pink silk handkerchief.—8. A cap of white muslin, with a full lace border; the top of the crown made open to admit the hair, and trimmed round with lace; a wreath of oak leaves round the

front.—9. A cap of white crape, trimmed with lilac.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—The prevailing colours are blue, pink, purple. and yellow. Dresses continue to be made very low over the back and bosom, and very short-waisted. The sleeves are generally trimmed with lace, and fastened on the top of the arm with a broach. Lace is much used in every part of the dress.

#### PARIS.

To judge by certain frequenters of the Colblentz promenade, it is the jonquil for ribbands and bonnets that is at present *a la mode*; but, in general, to say the truth, it is the rose, on ergandie, muslin, or crape, that is the prevailing colour. More blacks are worn than ordinary. The French white, for ribbands, re-united by bands, with a sparterie ground, is the last taste of many fashionables. It appears that the inventors of fashions, who could not succeed in making the sparterie bonnets general, have redoubled their industry to derive some advantage from the sparterie. The milliners have no novelties except the heads of bonnets of ergandie or lace, attached to the *carcass*, the front of which has a very projected peak. Perkal bonnets are also worn; there is no alteration in their form. The small collars to ladies' gowns have decidedly the preference to *pelerines*. Small plaited neck-cloths, or collars, have frequently

been seen. The jewellery most sought for the waist is the *plagues fumelles*, surrounded with fine pearls; diadems of gold, pearl necklaces, and ear-rings of an oval form, also in pearls. We have only spoken of two kinds of oval ear-rings; to have a just idea of the third, it is necessary to have seen those *bon-bonnieres*, or cases, re-covered in pearls and sewed with silk, that have lately been presented to travellers at the inn of the Mills Allier. On a mould, which has the form of an acorn, pearls of an equal size are pasted on, and not the smallest space is allowed between them.

The most transparent stuff, (the lawn, for instance) are the fashion, when the gown is embroidered in wool of several colours. Tafeta gowns are also worn; or percal, embroidered with white silk. The designs of the last taste are flies in embossed work, and dispersed with a kind of symmetry and profusion on the stuff.

The dancers make discoveries more and more profound, and they dance with a more rapid progress: a distinguished dancer has lately created a new step, entitled the *Hortensia* step. This is the newest step, the most in fashion, and all our fashionables accost each other with "Do you know the *Hortensia* step?"

Ear-rings and sculptured shell necklaces, imitating antiques, are again adopted; when a belle does not wear her diamonds or pearls, she takes her shells.

The hats that we believe to be the newest are of white straw; those of a large shape have the rim turned up before, and sewed to the shape behind. The white ribband, which serves for an ornament, has small embroideries; and the flowers which adorn it are white or coquelicot, deversified with red.

For the last few days, small bonnets, almost without sides, have been worn, which are ornamented all round with puckered crape and ribbons. These small bonnets hide the hair, and admit, almost on the forehead, or on one of the temples, a ripe ear of corn, or a bunch of rose-coloured flowers.

The hair head-dresses again adopted, or, to speak more plainer, the wig head-dresses, descending very low over the neck and on the forehead, and very close to the temples, are the most esteemed hair head-dresses. Not a single natural hair must be seen hanging on the neck or forehead; the peruke must be very adherent and very smooth, so that it may sit as exact as if on the block. In the half-dress, the hair is not disposed with the same exactness; it is not even uncommon to see half of an inch in length, and of a different colour to that of the peruke, hanging freely over the neck. The perukes *a la mode* are black, or of a dark chesnut colour; the Titus is totally out of fashion.

The silk fillets are becoming more common: there were some at Ranelagh of rose-colour,

park green, and crimson. A gold net was the ground of a head-dress, which, before and behind, represented hair plaited and disposed *a la Grecque*. Another was quite Etruscan; the hind part was formed of a diadem reversed, of red cloth, on which black ornaments were painted. The diadem, which closely confined all the hair, in order to give it a long shape, was tied in the front, whilst a comb, with a gold arch, mounted with pearls of a milk-white colour, was represented on the top of the head. Tuscan ornaments, at the extremities of the sleeves and on the waist, accompanied this head-dress.

Gowns of white crape, ornamented with coquelicots, placed at certain distances, have been seen at balls. Rose-coloured gowns had bunches of white flowers with green leaves, or entirely white. The most prevailing gowns were of the cherry colour; some of crape, the others of clear muslin: they were ornamented with flowers of white ribbands. On short sleeves, very large from the top, were sewed, in all their width, three ribbands, which were puckered from the extremity of the end to the sleeve. Many black ribbands were seen on *la Peleure*, forming sashes and ornaments, on white gowns.





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*JUVENILE RECREATIONS.*

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Answer to those given in No. 27, Vol. 8.

1. Ring.---2. Death.

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FOR SOLUTION.

1.

TO man, bird, and beast, I am found to belong;  
And with lovers am known as the theme of their  
    song;  
I'm the fountain of life and the centre of feeling,  
A wound made in me admits not of healing;  
With some I am cold and with others am warm;  
You dine on me sometimes without any harm;  
I'm call'd loving and tender, and poor, hard, and  
    dear;  
I'm dilated with courage, I'm shrunk up with fear;  
Of all things I'm chief part, of love I'm the seat;  
In the timid I'm faint, in the brave I am great;  
In all I am evil, the scriptures declare;  
I surrender my life when exposed to the air.

2.

MY opening jaw and greedy maw  
    In fire and flame delight;  
While by my power the high I lower,  
    And gild the gloom of night.

3.

SOON as the dark and dreary first is gone,  
The huntsman joys to put my second on;  
But when the long and jovial chase is o'er,  
He votes my second an egregious bore;  
And in my whole both 'squire and parson snore. }

## 4.

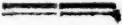
WHEN in quantity, quality, value, degree,  
We compare diff'rent things, and equality see,  
By my first their relation may well be exprest ;  
But merchants most study, and practise it best. -  
When we view neighb'ring nations, their manners  
and styles,  
Monsieur's antic shrug, and Mynheer's greedy wiles,  
The Spaniard's proud strut, the Italian's fine  
quaver,  
My second among them you'll surely discover.  
And O! may my whole every person attend,  
Whose heart is upright, tho' his head may offend ;  
Whose meaning is good, tho' his conduct may fail ;  
And whose virtues prepond'rate, when laid in the  
scale ;  
In fine, may it follow contrition below,  
In heaven we're taught it will surely be so.

## 5.

OF my first it is pleasure to sip :  
From my second 'tis pleasure to dine :  
In my whole you reserve for the lip,  
What remains or of victuals or wine.

## 6.

My first is three-fourths of " Be still ;"  
My second belongs to the chin :  
Both together, with hearty good will,  
Every beauty endeavours to win.



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### ORATION,

*Delivered by Governor Morris, of New York, at the  
Funeral of the late General Hamilton.*

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THE death of this truly great and distinguished character spread gloom and indignation throughout the American States; and such was the public sentiment at New York, the place of interment, that the Governor delivered the following Oration previous to committing the body to the tomb.—

FELLOW CITIZENS,

IF on this sad, this solemn occasion, I should endeavour to move your commiseration, it would be doing injustice to that sensibility which has been so generally and so justly manifested. Far from attempting to excite your emotions, I must try to suppress my own, and yet I fear that instead of the language of a public speaker, you will hear only the lamentations of a bemoaning friend. But I will struggle with my bursting heart, to pourtray that heroic spirit which has flown to the mansions of bliss.

Students of Columbia, he was in the ardent pursuit of knowledge in your academic shades, when the first sound of the American war called him to the field. A young and unprotected volunteer, such was his zeal, and so brilliant his service, that we heard his name before we knew his person. It seemed as if God had called him suddenly into existence, that he might assist to save a world!

The penetrating eye of Washington soon

perceived the manly spirit which animated his youthful bosom. By that excellent judge of men, he was selected as an aid, and thus he became early acquainted with, and was a principal actor in, the most important scenes of our revolution.

At the siege of York, he pertinaciously insisted, and he obtained the command of a Forlorn Hope. He stormed the redoubt; but let it be recorded, that not one single man of the enemy perished. His gallant troops, emulating the heroism of their chief, checked the uplifted arm, and spared a foe no longer resisting. Here closed his military career.

Shortly after the war, your favour—no, your discernment, called him to public office. You sent him to the Convention at Philadelphia: he there assisted in forming that constitution, which is now the bond of our union, the shield of our defence, and the source of our prosperity. In signing that compact, he expressed his apprehension that it did not contain sufficient means of strength for its own preservation; and that in consequence we should share the same fate as many other republics, and pass through anarchy to despotism. We hoped better things. We confided in the good sense of the American people: and, above all, we trusted in the protecting spirit of the Almighty. On this important subject he never concealed his opinion. He disdained concealment. Knowing the purity of his heart, he bore it as it



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were in his hand, exposing to every stranger its inmost recesses. This generous indiscretion subjected him to censure from misrepresentation. His speculative opinions were treated as deliberate designs; and yet you all know how strenuous, how unremitting, were his efforts to establish and to preserve the constitution. If, then, his opinion was wrong, pardon, oh! pardon that single error, in a life devoted to your service.

At the time when our government was organized, we were without funds, though not without resources. To call them into action, and establish order in the finances, Washington sought for splendid talents, for extensive information, and, above all, he sought for sterling incorruptible integrity.—All these he found in Hamilton. The system then adopted has been the subject of much animadversion. If it be not without a fault, let it be remembered, that nothing human is perfect. Recollect the circumstances of the moment—recollect the conflict of opinion—and, above all, remember, that *the minister of a republic must bend to the will of the people*. The administration which Washington formed, was one of the most efficient, one of the best that any country was ever blest with. And the result was a rapid advance in power and prosperity, of which there is no example in any other age or nation. The part which Hamilton bore is universally known.

His unsuspecting confidence in professions

which he believed to be sincere, led him to trust too much to the undeserving. This exposed him to misrepresentation. He felt himself obliged to resign. The care of a rising family, and the narrowness of his fortune, made it a duty to return to his profession for their support. But though he was compelled to abandon public life, never, no, never for a moment did he abandon the public service. He never lost sight of your interests.—I declare to you, before that God in whose presence we are now so especially assembled, that in his most private and confidential conversations, the single objects of discussion and consideration were your freedom and happiness.

You well remember the state of things which again called forth Washington from his retreat to lead your armies. You know that he asked for Hamilton to be his second in command. That venerable sage well knew the dangerous incidents of a military profession, and he felt the hand of time pinching life at its source. It was probable that he would soon be removed from the scene, and that his second would succeed to the command. He knew by experience the importance of that place; and he thought the sword of America might safely be confided in the hand which now lies cold in that coffin. Oh! my fellow citizens, remember this solemn testimonial, that he was not ambitious. Yet he was charged with ambi-

tion; and, wounded by the imputation, when he laid down his command, he declared, in the proud independence of his soul, that he would never accept of any office, unless in a foreign war he should be called upon to expose his life in defence of his country. This determination was immovable. It was his fault that his opinions and his resolutions could not be changed. Knowing his own firm purpose, he was indignant at the charge that he sought for place or power. He was ambitious only of glory, but he was deeply solicitous for you. For himself he feared nothing; but he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence, and abuse it to your ruin.

Brethren of the Cincinnati, there lies our chief! Let him still be our model. Like him, after long and painful public service, let us cheerfully perform the social duties of private life. Oh! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offence—no guile. His generous heart and hand were open to all.

Gentlemen of the bar, you have lost your brightest ornament. Cherish and imitate his example, while, like him, with justifiable, with laudable zeal, you pursue the interests of your clients; remember, like him, the eternal principles of justice.

Fellow citizens, you have long witnessed his professional conduct, and felt his unrivalled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a citizen; you know

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that he never courted your favour by adulation, or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests, as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this testimony to the benefit of my departed friend. I CHARGE YOU TO PROTECT HIS FAME.—It is all he has left—all that these poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But, my countrymen, that fame may be a rich treasure to you also. Let it be the test by which to examine those who solicit your favour. Disregarding professions, view their conduct, and, on a doleful occasion, ask, *Would Hamilton have done this thing?*

You all know how he perished. On this last scene I cannot, I must not, dwell. It might excite emotions too strong for your better judgment. Suffer not your indignation to lead to any act which might again offend the insulted Majesty of the laws. On his part, as from his lips, though with my voice, for his voice you will hear no more, let me entreat you to respect yourselves.

And now, ye ministers of the everlasting God, perform your holy office, and commit these ashes of our departed brother to the bosom of the grave!

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*To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.*

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SIR,

THE following admirable speech, on the slave trade, is deserving a place in the pages of your Miscellany, and the insertion of it will oblige,

Sir, Your's,

J. EVANS.

Islington, Oct. 10, 1804.

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JUDGE BOWEN'S CHARGE TO THE GRAND  
JURY OF CHATHAM COUNTY.

*Gentlemen of the Grand Jury,*

THE period has at length arrived, when the citizens of Georgia shall hear from the bench sentiments which ought long since to have been promulgated in the legislature. Why is it that the silence of the grave has hitherto pervaded every description of men, on a subject so highly important as that on which I am about to address you? Why is it, that on our legislative floor, amongst those who are annually elected to guard our safety and secure our repose, the most important avenue by which danger may assail us, has neither been anticipated or guarded? Is it that cool-blood fear has paralysed the minds and the nerves of our legislators? Is it that the apprehensions of drawing down the vengeance

of the wealthy and the powerful has silenced the cries of oppression, and the voice of truth? Or is it that, alike interested in one and the same species of criminality, each individual is willing that his own mal-conduct should operate as an apology for that of his neighbour's? and thus, with a view of conferring benefit, expose to ruin all he most loves on earth.

Avarice! how dreadful may be thy consequences! Unnatural love! that exposes its objects to the justly irritated passions of an oppressed and abused people.

Long have your eyes been closed to the dangers that surround you; enough have you been misled and deceived; in vain will the laws of our country enact injustice, and authorise oppression; the loud tongue of truth, and the sacred imprescriptible rights of man, will be asserted. Hear, then, my fellow-citizens! Listen to what experience and wisdom suggest, as the only means of rescuing you from the abyss which yawns beneath your feet, and now, even now, opens its destructive jaws to ensnare and devour you. Derived from the same Almighty source are life and liberty. They are one and the same gift; they cannot be disjoined. Life, without liberty, would be considered a curse, instead of a blessing; the wretched donation would be repelled, and the Almighty Donor accused of injustice. Are not, then, all men clothed with the same privileges from our Creator?



Are you authorised to assert, that to one colour are given the two-fold blessings of life and liberty, and to another colour life alone, devoid of liberty? Impious wretches! cease your calumnies on the God, whose decrees are just and immutable, and who can confound your misinterpretations of his ordinances. How, then, does slavery exist? Not from the fiat of Heaven, but from the municipal institutions of base degenerate man. "No human laws are of any validity, if contrary to the law of nature, which is cœval with mankind, and dictated by God himself. Neither are positive laws, even in matters seemingly indifferent, any further binding than they are agreeable to the law of God and nature." Of what authority, then, are the laws of this or any other country, which sanction slavery? Slavery, which is contrary to the law of nature, which law is dictated by God himself; slavery, which is opposed to the principles of justice and humanity; slavery, which, in the language of Lord Coke, can only be authorised by laws contrary to reason, which laws must consequently be void.

It is not on principles only that I will assail this detestable system; for principles of justice and humanity, when opposed to the dictates of avarice, and the desire of lordly power, have ever had but little avail. Else why, in a country which boasts of republican magnanimity, and vaunts loudly of the rights

of man, whence is it that this disgrace, this curse on our land, still exists? I will then assail you in the only vulnerable part—listen to me—let your fears be aroused, and let them (for they only can operate the miracle), let them compel you to do an act of justice; an act which can alone secure your lives, your liberties, and your properties. Cast your eyes back to ancient history: do you not there find, that amongst the most deadly and terrific war the Republic of Sparta was obliged to maintain, was that against their own slaves? Turn your eyes to the more recent occurrences in the West-Indies. Has not France entirely disgraced herself, by attempting to subvert privileges guaranteed by nature, and which she herself, after having destroyed, had restored; and is not the number of Frenchmen immolated by the brave sons of nature, in their own defence, enough to appal the stoutest heart? And who is there that does not justify them? From my very soul I have wished them success from the commencement of their career; and I glory that so numerous and so oppressed a portion of my fellow-creatures have bravely asserted the rights which God and nature gave them, and have rescued themselves, and, I trust, their descendants, from the galling yoke of servitude. Are we not in this country precisely situated as they were? have we not a horde of miserable oppressed slaves amongst us, who out-number us by thou-

sands? are they ignorant of their rights? are they ignorant of what has taken place in that country? Surely they are not. What then have we eventually to expect — what but blood, massacre, and devastation? There is yet a method by which these horrors may be averted. I entreat you to adopt it, while it is yet in your power. Believe that you hear the voice of inspiration, when I solemnly assure you, that an immediate and an implicit obedience to the dictates of justice alone, will be in obedience to the dictates of sound policy, and can alone avert those miseries to which we are exposed.

Let our legislature enact, that every female slave, born after one year from the date of the law, shall be free at eighteen years of age, and the male at twenty-one; and let the master be obliged to bring them up in the practice of religious and moral duties, and teach them the common rudiments of education. What would be the consequence? At the expiration of nineteen years, perhaps, one thousand females would have a right to demand their liberty, and, three years afterwards, one thousand males. They would say to their masters, ‘My relatives are with you; give me some trifling compensation, and I will labour for you.’ This reasonable boon would be granted, and, in the course of a few years, instead of a gang of menial, wretched, unhappy slaves, each planter would find in each slave a child and a friend. In addition

to this, let our legislature say, that a master shall lay up for each slave a certain quantity of meat and of fish, in addition to their usual inadequate allowance of rice and corn: that no master shall be allowed to give his slave more than twenty lashes, without the attendance of a magistrate to authorise a farther punishment: and that each and every master who does not comply with these regulations, shall be compelled to part with such slave or slaves, to any person with whom he, she, or they, shall choose to live, on his receiving the price originally paid for the slave or slaves. A law of this nature would insure to us and our posterity, the enjoyment of what we have long unjustly deprived this unhappy race of people, viz. liberty and property, and oftentimes of life itself.

Let, then, these things, Gentlemen, occupy your attention; your minds cannot be more advantageously devoted; be assured, I possess as great a stake in this country as the most wealthy, for my little all is here; and no man's heart beats higher with a love of country than mine.

But although I love my country much, very much, yet I love, I adore, the principles of liberty, of justice, and humanity; and I will no longer acknowledge that my country, where these sound principles are thus prostrated by such accursed avarice, such infamous conduct; but I will seek in other climes for that tranquillity and repose,

which are here every moment liable to be interrupted, the moment I am convinced there are not virtue and understanding enough in Georgia to listen to, and pursue the path I have pointed out to you.

I have delivered these sentiments after the most mature and deliberate reflection; and I solemnly swear, in the presence of that God, who created and who knows my heart, that if, stretched on the bed of death, I should be called upon to advise on the proper method to secure the safety and tranquillity of this country, I should dictate what I have now expressed to you. You well know, or you ought ere this to have well known, that I am far above the impulse of fear or of hope, in regard to any thing the people of this country can do for or against me. Within myself, and the bosom of my family, and to the approbation of my God alone, do I look for happiness. I despise from my soul the threats of the haughty and vindictive, and the applause of the giddy unreflecting multitude; and have dared to avow sentiments which, while life mantles in my veins, I will support, because I am convinced the pursuance of them will be simply an act of partial justice, and can only secure my country from all the horrors of civil warfare.

Careless of the approbation of the public, when I lay my head upon my pillow, it will be with the reflection, that I have discharged my duty to my God, my country,

and the poor miserable wretches who claim your protection ; and I hope, Gentlemen, you will so conduct yourselves in this particular, as to merit the same heart-consoling reflection.

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*For the Monthly Visitor.*

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ON FORTITUDE.

**T**HERE is no disposition more needful in human life than fortitude, if we only consider the many difficulties to which we are unavoidably exposed. There are some, no doubt, who pass through this world in a more placid manner, being exempt from many trials to which others are obnoxious ; but something unpleasant will happen to all. The king, as well as the subject—the earl, as well as the peasant, are the subjects of human misery. Those who cross the ocean must encounter perils of a peculiar nature, and without fortitude they would sink under them. The warrior has great occasion for this grace, who, in the field of battle, faces a numerous enemy. He would soon prove a coward if fortitude were to forsake him. The sick, and the afflicted of every description, are thankful for that patience which fortitude can alone impart. In fine, it is utterly impossible that we can pass through life, with any degree of comfort, without this auxiliary grace.

Fortitude does not consist in a stoical apathy, or in a mere indifference to the misfortunes of life. It is impossible that we can be insensible to human misery; but fortitude calls upon us to bear it with resignation. It does not shrink from the post of duty, though danger may be attached to our situation. This virtue has been exemplified in many instances. The history of our own country produces many examples. Who was more magnanimous than King Alfred?—Fleeing for his life, his courage did not forsake him.—He rallied his forces and conquered the enemy, in a very unexpected manner. How renowned was William the Conqueror. All dangers were alike to him. By fortitude he rose superior to every foe. In more modern times, the Duke of Marlborough appears to possess remarkable courage, and saves this kingdom from ruin. More recent instances do still occur, of a Nelson and Smith, who have been the admiration of the world.

The history of other countries does evince the influence of fortitude on the human mind. We are informed, that “Frederic, the famous Duke of Saxony, was playing at Chess in his tent, with his cousin and fellow-prisoner, the Landgrave of Lithenberg, when a writ was brought him, signed by the emperor, for his execution the next morning, in the sight of his wife and children, and the whole city of Wittemburg. Having carefully perused it, he laid it down as a paper of no concern, and

saying to the Landgrave, 'Cousin, take good heed to your game,' returned to his play, and gave him a check-mate." It is a noble character which Ascham gives of the above-mentioned duke:---"He thinketh nothing which he dare not speak, and speaketh nothing which he will not do."

We are informed, that an Italian bishop, who had endured much persecution with a calm unruffled temper, was asked by a friend, how he attained to such a mastery of himself? "By making a right use of my eyes," said he; "I first look up to heaven, as the place whither I am going to live for ever---I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want--I then look round me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

Thus it appears, that fortitude is productive of many advantages. We perceive them in the incidents of common life, as well as in things of more importance. Who could endure the loss of valuable friends, or the slights of pretended ones, if fortitude did not assist our disconsolate minds? Unexpected events do happen in our connections in life, and they would be too much for us, if it were not for this heroic virtue. Those who possess it in a great degree, are like the oak, invulnerable in the midst of the greatest danger. They have the complete mastery of themselves. Dr. Watts, in his lyric poems, beautifully ex-



presses the influence of fortitude on the christian hero.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards  
Create a monarch ; not a purple robe,  
Dy'd in the people's blood ; not all the crowns,  
Or dazzling tears, that bend about the head,  
Tho' gilt with sun-beams, and set round with stars :  
A monarch, he that conquers all his fears,  
And treads upon them, when he stands alone,  
Makes his own camp ; four guardian virtues wait  
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.  
Now dawns the light, he ranges all his thoughts  
In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks  
Of time and chance ; himself a num'rous host,  
All eye, all ear, all-wakeful as the day—  
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

'Tis expected, that motives to the cultivation of this important grace, are quite unnecessary. None can be so stupid as to be insensible of its importance. It is confined beyond a doubt to the present world. In a perfect life it will be superfluous. There all our difficulties will for ever cease. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." We ought, therefore, to aspire after a better world ; where all our graces will be perfected, and we shall be happy for ever.

*Hereford, Oct. 10th, 1804.*

T. M.

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*MISCELLANEOUS.*

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## DUC D'ALENCON.

WHEN this prince, brother to Henry the Third of France, was Lieutenant-General of the Low Countries for a small part of the years 1582 and 1583, the army of his countrymen, as if they intended to finish the Feast of the Huguenots, as they savagely called it, began in the year 1572, by the celebrated Massacre of Paris, attacked the town of Antwerp, on the 17th of January, 1583, by surprize, and against the faith of agreement, which they pillaged, and put to the sword many of the Protestants of that city. One French nobleman, however, the Duc de Montpensier, brother-in-law to William, Prince of Orange, who was present at it, told the Duc d'Alencon, that he ought to tear out the hearts of all those persons who had advised him to be guilty of so perfidious an action, which, added he, will so completely decry you and your army, that it will render the French nation in general detested and execrated by all the other nations of Europe.

The French, indeed, so late as that inhuman tyrant Louis the Fourteenth's unprovoked attack upon Holland, perpetrated such horrid cruelties in that country, that in the year 1673, a quarto volume was published

with this title: "*Avis fidele aux veritables Hollandois touchant ce qui c'est passé dans les Villages de Bodegrave & Swammerdam, & les Cruautés énormes que les Francois y on exercées.*"\*

—"Good Advice to all true Dutchmen, respecting what took place in the Villages of Bodegrave and Swammerdam, and the unheard-of Cruelties that the French exercised upon them; with an Account of the last March of the Army of the King of France through Brabant and Flanders." The book begins thus:

"What the French have done in this country in one year, exceeds in cruelty and in horror what any historian has said of any nation whatsoever, and whatever the tragic poets have represented in any of their tragedies. There are no pen or pencil to be found that can describe it; and this (says the author) was not perpetrated in towns that were conquered, but merely in those that were occupied by the troops of France."

The book is elegantly printed, and enriched with several very beautiful etchings by the celebrated Roman de Hoogue. It would surely be well worth while to reprint this work for the sake of those who can read French, or to translate it into the different languages of Europe for those who do not understand that language, that they may be taught what they are to expect if they should

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\* This curious book is in the British Museum.

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admit amongst them a people, who, under every form of government, as well that of a monarchy, as that of a republic, have shewn themselves false, ferocious, and sanguinary; the blasphemers of their God, and the enemies of the human race."

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M. DUMOULIN.

" I LEAVE behind me," says this excellent physician on his death-bed, " two most powerful remedies, diet and exercise."

Dryden has said,

God never made his works for man to mend.

This may be true of man as he came out of the hands of his great Creator; but he has since, by his vices and his follies, debased his frame, and made it necessary for him often to apply for the assistance of those who have made the diseases of the body their particular study. Yet with what caution he should apply, the learned Frederic Hoffman will warn him, who wrote a book entitled "*Medici Morborum Causæ*;" Physicians the Causes of Diseases.\*

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\* " The lives of many hysterical and hypochondriacal patients," says the ingenious Dr. Ferriar, of Manchester, in his excellent Treatise on the Conversion of Diseases, " have been at once shortened, and embittered by the thoughtless encouragement given by some

M. Dumoulin had this inscription engraved over the Fountain of the Mineral Waters of Bourbon :

*Auriferas dives jactet Pactolus arenas,  
Ditior hac volvit mortalibus unda salutem.*

Unenvied now, Pactolus, roll along  
Thy golden sands, immortaliz'd in song;  
Our favour'd streams in richer torrents flow,  
And health's great blessing on mankind bestow.

The three Greek words, lately inscribed by the learned and excellent Dr. Harrington on the Pump-room at Bath, have a peculiar and specific propriety. They are simple and elegant in themselves, are taken from a great lyric poet, and allude to the celebrated system of an ancient philosopher, that water is the principal of all things; and they bear a specific allusion to the properties of the Bath waters, which are extremely salutary to those who have indulged in wine and fermented liquors.

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practitioners to the use of spirituous liquors. I have seen most melancholy instances in which habits of dram-drinking have been thus acquired, under the sanction of the medical attendant, by persons not only temperate but delicate in their moral habits. In this manner hysterical diseases of no great moment are converted to schirrus of the liver and dropsy, to apoplexy, palsy, and other diseases; *sed manum de tabula.*"

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## BAYLE.

THIS learned and acute writer was no mathematician. According to Le Clerc, he said, that he never could be brought to understand the demonstration of the first proposition of Euclid. The same defect of mind seems to have followed him in every thing which he did. He doubts and does not prove any thing; and deserves well what was once said of him, that he was the attorney-general of the philosophers; that he merely stated their different arguments, but gave no opinion on them.

He said once to Father Tournemine, "I am only 'cloud-compelling Jove.' My talent consists in forming doubts; but to myself they are only doubts." It is unfortunate for the generality of his readers that they are really doubts to them; they do not see so clear as himself, who

*Sub pedibus vidit nubes et sidera.*

Bayle died, as he lived, in obscurity, and with great tranquillity of mind. His will was disputed in France (from which country he had fled to avoid persecution), and the parliament of Thoulouse determined it to be valid; giving as a reason, that a man who had enlightened mankind, as Bayle had done, should be considered as belonging to no particular country, but as a citizen of the universe.

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## COMMODORE WILSON.

THE gallant action of Captain Dance, in beating off a ship of the line with Indiamen only, stands unrivalled in the annals even of his own country, if we except the truly gallant exploit of Commodore Wilson, on the 9th of March, 1757. He, like Captain Dance, not only offered his enemy battle "if he chose to come down," but when he did come, attacked him with the same intrepidity; engaged him with the same singular fortune; nor quitted him until that enemy (in a line of battle ship, together with a frigate of 26 guns) flew from the commander of three or four heavy-laden English East-Indiamen. Captain Dance fought and put to flight the French Admiral. Captain Wilson sought and pursued the opponent of the English Admiral, on the 3d of August, 1758.

Both commanders received the thanks of the Honourable Court of Directors of the East-India Company, and similar acknowledgments for each brilliant service.

A special commission being soon afterwards conferred on the hero of the 9th of March, constituting him, "Commodore and commander of all ships and vessels belonging to the English East-India Company," he was appointed to the Pitt, East-India ship of war, of 50 guns. On his arrival in the East-Indies, he again manifested his gallant spirit; he volunteered his ship and his services to Admiral

Pococke. In the Bay of Bengal, he chased and brought to action a French ship of the line of 70 guns. At Batavia he vindicated the rights of his country against the Dutch; and, after having conferred British names on distant lands, he achieved that which no other commander in the India service had ever dared to attempt before him; and availed British commerce of the advantages it has since derived from the eastern passage to China, through Pitt's Straits. He returned and resigned a commission, the duties of which he had discharged with so much private honour and public advantage.

Commodore Wilson died at Ayton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire, on the 17th of June, 1795; where he was beloved and respected by all who knew him.

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#### THE COMPASS,

*An original invention of the Chinese.*

THE present system of Chinese navigation is to keep as near the shore as possible; and never to lose sight of land, unless in voyages that absolutely require it; such as to Japan, Batavia, and Cochin-China. Knowing the bearing, or direction of the port intended to be made, let the wind be fair or foul, they endeavour, as nearly as possible, to keep the head of the ship always pointing towards the port by means of the compass. This instrument, as used in China, has every



appearance of originality. The natives know nothing, from history or tradition, of its first introduction or discovery; and the use of the magnet, for indicating the poles of the earth, can be traced, from their records, to a period of time, when the greatest part of Europe was in a state of barbarism. It has been conjectured, indeed, that the use of the magnetic needle in Europe, was first brought from China by the famous traveller, Mario Polo, the Venetian. Its appearance immediately after his death, or, according to some, while he was yet living, but, at all events, in his own country, renders such a conjecture extremely probable. The embassies in which he was employed by Kublai-Khan, and the long voyages he performed by sea, could scarcely have been practicable without the aid of the compass. Be this as it may, the Chinese were, without doubt, well acquainted with this instrument long before the thirteenth century. It is recorded in their best authenticated annals, merely as a fact, and not as any extraordinary circumstance, that the Emperor, Chung-ko, presented an ambassador of Cochin-China, who had lost his way in coming by sea, with a *ting-nan-tchin*, (a needle pointing out the south) the name which it still retains. Even this idea of the seat of magnetic influence, together with the construction of the compass-box; the division of the card into eight principal points, and each of these again subdivided into three;

the manner of suspending the needle; and its diminutive size, seldom exceeding in length three quarters of an inch, are all of them strong presumptions of its being an original, and not a borrowed invention. By some, indeed, it has been conjectured, that the Scythians, in the northern regions of Asia, were acquainted with the polarity of the magnet, in ages antecedent to all history; and that the virtue of this fossil was intended to be meant by the flying arrow, presented to Abaris by Apollo, about the time of the Trojan war; with the help of which he could transport himself wherever he pleased. The abundance of iron ores, and perhaps of native iron, in every part of Tartary, and the very early period of time in which the natives were acquainted with the process of smelting these ores, render the idea not improbable, of the northern nations of Europe, and Asia, (or the Scythians) being first acquainted with the polarity of the magnet.

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#### THE LATE EARL OF BUTE.

For the last years of his life, the Earl of Bute made Highcliff, in Hampshire, his principal residence, where he lived in great privacy, seeing only three or four select friends occasionally, besides those of his own family. His time was much engaged in the pursuit of chemical and botanical knowledge. His chemical apparatus was very complete and valua-

ble. He was very fond also of music, and had one of the most complete and curious barrel organs perhaps in the world, now the property of the Earl of Shaftesbury. Much of this excellent nobleman's time and attention was also devoted to the good of his poor neighbours. The families of the industrious poor had in him a constant and most liberal benefactor; his only wish, in his various and large distributions of charity, was, to reward merit and be unknown. Notwithstanding the many unaffected and truly christian virtues which adorned this nobleman's character, he was for many years, as is well known, the constant theme of the most cruel calumny, which he bore with all the fortitude and composure of an elevated mind, conscious of innocence. He could never bear to hear the absent evil spoken of. As a proof, in what abhorrence he held a slanderer, the following anecdote is related:---

A certain presbyterian divine, who used occasionally to visit him, was one day railing against one or two gentlemen of his lordship's acquaintance with great asperity. The place where the conversation took place was across a library table, on which lay a bible. His lordship, after having listened a very short time to his visitor, cried out, "Stop, sir, pray what book is that which lies before you?" "A bible, my lord." "Well, sir, but that book directs you to keep your tongue from evil speaking, and from slander; how is it

that you, more particularly as a divine, presume to disobey its injunctions?"

His lordship has been often represented as a proud man; the writer of this very imperfect biographical sketch, who had the honour of his acquaintance for the last fifteen years of his life, and who has related the above particulars from personal information, can with truth assert, that this charge is groundless. He was of a very reserved and shy character, particularly with strangers, which was often mistaken for pride: but after a little acquaintance, his manners were perfectly condescending and familiar, his conversation full of interesting information and curious anecdote; in short, it was impossible to be in his company without an opportunity of augmenting useful knowledge, of improving both the mind and the heart.

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#### COMPANIONS OR FRIENDS.

THEY are those accommodating persons whom some people of rank love to have constantly with them, for the purpose of applauding whatever they do or say; whose business it is to prevent disagreeable truths from reaching the ears of their patrons, and contribute to render them as weak, ignorant, and capricious, as they themselves are abject, selfish, and perfidious.

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DESCRIPTION OF  
*THE ISLAND OF MALTA.*

(Continued from page 36)

THE walls of the city of Valetta were no sooner traced out, than the inhabitants of the island, of all ages and both sexes, voluntarily employed themselves to complete a town, which in future was not only to serve them as a place of defence, but to increase their commerce and secure their possessions.

By a decree of council, this new city was called *La Valetta*: but it being customary at that time in Sicily to join a suitable epithet to the name of each town, the grand-master expressed his wishes that a truly Christian one, worthy the modesty of an order which prided itself alone in the cross of our Saviour, should be chosen; it was therefore called *Humilissima*.

La Valetta dying in 1568, his successor, P. de Monte, completed the different works commenced during the glorious reign of the great defender of Malta and the Christian faith. The whole being entirely finished; on the 18th of May, 1571, the entire body of the order quitted the Burgh, where they had resided from their first arrival in Malta, and proceeded in a most solemn manner to their new habitation in the city Valetta.

Much less attention had been paid to the magnificence and convenience of the edifices within the walls, than to ensure the safety of the city by strong fortifications. The only church at that time was the *Chapel of Victory*; built by La Valetta in commemoration of the raising the siege, and in honour of the blessed Virgin.

It was intended to have erected a palace for the grand-master on the spot where the Italian and Castilian inns now stand; but P. de Monte preferred a house built by Eustache Dumont, in the principal square, and which has ever since been the residence of his successors.

A piece of ground was given to every different language for their respective Inns. The one belonging to the English language, since succeeded by the Anglo-Bavarian, was then on the spot now called *La Polverista*. A particular post was also assigned to each language, to defend in case of attack: these were as follows:—

Provence, the Cavalier, &	Bulwark of St. John.
Auvergne, . . . . .	Bulwark of St. Michael.
France, the Cavalier, .	Bulwark of St. James.
Italy, . . . . .	Bulwark of St. Paul & St. Peter
Aragon, . . . . .	Bulwark of St. Andrew.
England, . . . . .	the Platform of St. Lazarus.
Germany, . . . . .	Bulwark of St. Sebastian.
Castille, . . . . .	Bulwark of St. Barbara.

There are three gates to this city, viz. *La Reale* (Royal), the *Marine*, and the gate to-

wards Marsa Musceit. The principal street reaches from the Royal Gate to the Castle of St. Elmo, and the others are built in a straight line parallel to the former; the whole paved with flat square stones. The pavement was however extremely bad till the year 1771, and many of the houses very inconvenient from having steps in the front: but the streets have since been levelled at a great expence, and subterraneous channels dug to carry off all impurities, and at the same time to open a passage for rain-water; in short, to make conduits to convey fountain-water into all the public and private cisterns throughout the city.—The greatest part of the inhabitants being unable to provide for so enormous an expence, the public treasury advanced money to forward these improvements; by which means the city La Valetta is now magnificently paved, and the houses cleared from steps, which were not only inconvenient but extremely unsightly, and rendered the passage through the streets both embarrassing by day and dangerous by night.

Besides private cisterns to every house, there are likewise public ones; together with a fountain, the source of which is in the southern part of the island, but the water conveyed by an aqueduct, built at a considerable expence by the grand-master Alooff de Vignacourt. This aqueduct from Diar Chandal, where it commences, to the square be-

fore the grand-master's palace, is 7448 canes \* of eight palms each, in length. It having suffered extremely from the ravages of time, the grand-master Rohan repaired, and indeed partly rebuilt it, from his own private purse. The manner in which the water of this fountain is conveyed has been already described; and if the winter rains are not sufficient to fill the cisterns, it affords a constant supply.

The houses are neat, and built of handsome stone; the roofs forming a flat terrace plastered with pozzolana, with pipes conducting to the cisterns, by which means every drop of rain-water is preserved. Most of the houses have a balcony advancing into the street, where the inhabitants pass a great part of their time.

The parish-churches in the city Valetta, and the chapels belonging to the different convents of religious orders, are daily ornamented by gifts of the Maltese, who have always been celebrated for a never-failing piety and devotion; they even continue the ancient custom of the African Christians in the time of the Romans, who used to engrave crosses with the point of a needle, in order to distinguish them from the Gentiles.

The church of St. John, built by the grand-master La Cassiere, and afterwards conse-

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\* A cane is nine feet.



erated by D. Ludovico Torres, archbishop of Montreal, was greatly enriched by presents made to it every five years by the sovereign, and all the grand-priors of the order. The first general chapter held at Malta assigned a separate chapel in this church to every language: these form the two aisles of a tolerable large nave, all the carved ornaments of which are gilded with sequin gold at the expence of the grand-master Coloner. The pictures in this church are almost all by Matthias Preti; whose talents ought to have induced the order to have received him as a knight by favour, of the language of Italy. Every compartment of the roof, between the pillars of the chapel, is ornamented by a picture representing the different events of the life of St. John: the greatest part of them are incomparably fine.

The pavement of the church is composed of sepulchral stones of inlaid marble of different colours. Nothing can be more magnificent than several of these monuments; some of which are incrusted with jasper, agate, and other precious stones, and cost more than a thousand pounds sterling.

The principal altar is placed at a distance from all the others, in the middle of the choir; at the further end of which is a group in marble upon a raised basis, representing our Saviour baptised by St. John. There is a fine picture, though unfortunately injured by smoke, painted by Michael Angelo de Ca-

ravaggio \*, in a chapel called the Oratory, the entrance of which was formerly the chapel of the language of England. St. John's hand is kept in this oratory ; a most precious relick, presented by the Turkish emperor Bajazet, to D'Aubusson, the grand-master of Rhodes †.

\* Michael Angelo was surnamed Caravaggio, from a castle in the Milanese, where he was born in 1560. He died in 1609. He was the son of a mason, and his original occupation was preparing colours for the use of painters in fresco. He afterwards went to Venice, where Giorgione resided, whose colouring he sometimes imitated. He had no conception of ideal beauty ; and when he painted a hero, he copied from a porter. He always said the originals of his pictures were to be found in the streets : like Rembrandt ; who used to display a collection of old clothes, saying, " These are my antiques." Though he certainly might have chosen better models, it was impossible to paint them finer ; and he succeeded so well in portraits, that his style became fashionable. Valentin adopted his manner ; Guercino constantly, and even Guido did the same. The masterpiece of Michael Angelo was indisputably a portrait of the grand-master Aloff Vignacourt : this has even been compared to the portraits of Titian, for the strength, truth, and softness of the colouring. The heads of both the grand-master and page are admirable. This picture was engraved by Lermessin, but feebly executed.

† St. John's hand was preserved at Constantinople in a church built by Justinian, who removed it to a church in Antioch. This relick and many

The chapel dedicated to the Virgin, contains two *ex votos* of immense value; and was lighted by a golden lamp, fastened to the roof by a long chain of the same metal. There are many different articles in the treasury of this church, not only extremely valuable, but of the greatest antiquity and finest workmanship. None of these, however, were spared by the French; who, from the first moment of their arrival, began to carry away, during the night, every thing made of gold or silver, in order to convert them into ingots.

The exterior of the church of St. John was by no means equal to the inside, which was so magnificent, and at the same time so curiously elegant, that they even imitated the pattern of the paintings on the ceiling, in the colours of the tapestry displayed on great festivals.

The ceremonies observed in this church, performed with great pomp and decorum, were particularly splendid. The canopy under which was placed the grand-master, was

others were preserved by Mahomet II. at the capture of Constantinople. Bajazet, who trembled for his newly acquired throne, wished to be on friendly terms with D'Aubusson, then grand master of Rhodes, and become very celebrated during the preceding reign by a great victory over the infidels: he therefore presented him with St. John's hand, for which he had repeatedly refused the offer of other princes.

in the sanctuary next the evangelist ; and the grand-crosses were on benches below the communion-table. The knights, and all persons attached to the service of the order, were ranged along the sides of the church ; and, leaving an open space in the middle, added extremely to the beauty of the *coup d'oeil*. The prior of St. John officiated in his episcopal habit ; and whilst he was at the altar, one of the acolytes was employed in refreshing him by means of a large fan of feathers, with a handle of burnished gold.

One festival, in particular, was celebrated with the most solemn pomp. As a knight of Malta, I feel too sensibly how cruelly painful it is to be forced to speak on the subject ; but such was the purity of its institution, and so grand its object, that it is impossible to pass it over in silence.

On the 8th of every September, the anniversary of the raising the siege of Malta was constantly celebrated ; and no one could possibly carry the victorious standard to the foot of the altar without feeling a sentiment of the profoundest respect. This part of the ceremony was annouced by warlike music, and a discharge of artillery from all the different forts. The standard was carried by a knight wearing a helmet and habit in the form of those worn in the crusades of old : on his left hand marched a page bearing the sword and poinard sent by Philip II. of Spain to La

Valetta; and on the right was the marshal, accompanied by the whole language of Auvergne, to whose knights the grand standard is particularly confided. A fine portrait of the grand-master was exhibited to the people on that day, and viewed by them with every sentiment of admiration and respect. This portrait belongs to the language of Provence, and was painted by the commander Favray\*.

The other churches were likewise richly decorated, and contained fine pictures. In the fourth chapel of the church of St. Dominick, to the left, was a picture of St. Rose, by the Calabrian. In the second chapel of the church formerly belonging to the jesuits, were three pictures, representing the principal events of the life of St. Peter, viz: the angel delivering him from prison; his parting scene with St. Paul; and his crucifixion. These were the *chef d'œuvres* of the above-mentioned artist. There was also a picture by the same hand in the second chapel of the church of the Carmelites, representing St. Roch and the Blessed Virgin: the head of the latter not well executed.

Several families from Rhodes having followed the body of the order to Malta, and many of the Greeks having been since established in the island, it was ordained that di-

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\* This modern painter has left some very fine pictures at Malta,

vine service according to the rites of the Greek religion should be performed in one of the parish churches, and that the curate should have the title of *Papas*. This church enjoys a great number of privileges, which have been granted as rewards to the Greeks for their services during the siege of Malta.

The public edifices in Malta consist of the Palace of the grand-master, the Hôtels or Inns of the different languages, the Conservatory, the Treasury, the University, the Town-hall, the Palace of Justice, the Hospital, and the Barracks, all of which are built with much simplicity: the opinion of *Houel* may indeed be adopted with justice, for two qualities certainly distinguish the Maltese architecture; the one, a most exquisite taste in the composition of the general mass; and the other, a noble plainness in the *minutiae*. The front of the Provencal Inn, and that of the Conservatory, are the most remarkable for their style of architecture. One part of the latter edifice serves for the public library; which useful establishment was first instituted by the bailli de Tencin, in 1760, who during his life-time furnished it with nine thousand seven hundred volumes, which he had collected at a considerable expence. His portrait is in the library, which was founded for perpetuity by the last general chapter, held in 1776. It has been very greatly augmented since that time; and in 1790, consisted of sixty thousand volumes. Books were constantly

arriving from all parts; it having been decreed, that at the decease of a knight of Malta, in whatsoever country he resided, his books should be sent to the public library.

*(To be continued.)*

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*For the Monthly Visitor.*

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DESCRIPTION OF

**THE MY-ATTIC, OR MOUNTAIN RAM.**

*Related by a Gentleman lately returned from America.*

IN the fall of 1800, I was on an excursion on horseback, through the plains that are situated between the Sascatchewan and Missouri rivers, along the rocky mountains, accompanied by Mr. Thomson, a Gentleman in the N. W. Company's employ, five Canadians, and an Indian guide.—Returning back to the north, we followed the course of the Bow river, into the heart of the mountains, with a view of examining them—and on the 30th November, at noon, we halted at the foot of the first ridge to graze our horses, and ascertain our latitude. At a little distance ahead appeared a herd of small animals, which we took to be a species of the deer, in that country very numerous. While Mr. Thompson was taking his meridian altitude, I went forward with the Indian to have a shot, and

on a nearer approach, was very much surprised to find (instead of deer,) a herd of about twenty animals, that were utterly unknown to me; pleased with this discovery, I advanced very cautiously, keeping myself concealed from their view, to the distance of about sixty yards; here I halted, and was examining them with all the curiosity natural for a man to feel, on seeing any unusual appearance, when the Indian, impatient at my delay, and fearful of discovery, fired his gun, and killed a female on the spot; the herd, alarmed by the report of the gun, took to flight, and made for the rocks. Angry at the Indian's impatience, I pursued them with eagerness; he followed; and in the course of the afternoon, we killed four more, two of which were young ones. I had the satisfaction to shoot a large male, whose motions appeared to guide the flight of the rest; his superior size, and enormous horns, made him the particular object of my pursuit, and I have preserved his skin, with a view of presenting it to the Royal Society of London. During the Winter, I had frequent opportunities of hunting this tribe, which has enabled me to make a few observations on it, that may be of advantage to Naturalists, in ascertaining the genus, or species of the animal. The dimensions of the above male, taken on the spot, where he was killed, namely, longitude 115. 30 West, and latitude 50. North, are as follows: viz. length from the nose to the



root of the tail, 5 feet; length of the tail, 4 inches; circumference round the body,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet; he stands  $3\frac{3}{4}$  feet high; length of the horn  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet; and girth at the head  $9\frac{1}{4}$  feet. The horn is of the circular kind, proceeding in a triangle from the head like that of the ram; in short this animal appears to be a compound of the deer and the sheep, having the body and hair of the former, with the head and horns of the latter. The Crees, or Knistianeaux, distinguish this animal by the name of My-Attic, or the Ugly Rein Deer. The Slave Nations comprehending Blood Indians, Piecans and Black-fest Indians, call it Ema-ki-ca-now, which also means a species of the deer; but the Canadians who accompanied me, at first sight, named it *le belier des montagnes* (the mountain Ram.) It is only to be met with in the rocky mountains, and it generally frequents the highest regions, which produce any vegetation, though sometimes it descends to feed to the bottom of the vallies, from whence on the least alarm, it returns to the most inaccessible precipice, where the hunter can seldom follow it. His appearance, though rather clumsy, is expressive of active strength; and the nimbleness of his motion is surprising; he bounds from one rock to another, with as much facility as the goat, and makes his way through places quite impracticable to any other animal, in that country without wings. I know no animal which encourages pursuit so much as this;

in his flight he frequently turns back and stares at the hunter with a kind of stupid curiosity, which is often fatal to him. This ought perhaps to be ascribed to his ignorance of man; the mountains being so horribly desolate, that they are but little frequented, except it be by some straggling war parties of the natives. The mountain ram, or sheep, though not numerous, are to be met with in considerable numbers, in some parts of the mountains, from latitude 54 Southward. I have on several occasions, seen herds of 20 or 30, but generally not more than 2 or 3 of them together; frequently I have been entertained with a view of one of them, looking over the brink of a precipice, several hundred yards above my head, scarcely appearing bigger than a crow, and bidding defiance to all approach. These frightful situations are quite natural to them; they run up declivities of hard snow or rough ice, with facility; pursuing them in these situations, I have been obliged to cut steps with my knife, where they have passed without difficulty. Sometimes you think their progress stopped by a chasm, or projecting rock, but if you attempt too near an approach, at one bound they are out of your reach. The female does not differ materially from the male, except that her size is much less, and she has only a small black straight horn, like that of the goat; the colour and texture of the hair, is the same in both, and they are all distinguish-

ed by the white rump and dark tail. In other respects, the female greatly resembles the sheep, in her general figure, and particularly in the timid, good-natured cast of the countenance. In winter they frequent the southern declivities of the mountains, to enjoy the sun-shine; the lower regions and the valleys at that season, being covered with a depth of snow. The flesh of the female, and the young male, is a great delicacy; for my own part, I think much more delicate than any other kind of venison; and the Indians, who live entirely on animal food, and must be epicures in the choice of flesh, agree, that the flesh of the My-Attic, is the sweetest in the forest.

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*To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.*

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SIR,

A SCHOLAR, descending from the high and endeared pursuits of science, which have introduced him to a reputation the most honourable, into those humbler avocations of purest benevolence, accessible only to the silent approbation of conscience, is a scene too interesting to be consigned by native memory to forgetfulness. No aspect of a great man's character is so engaging, as where we see him

the friend of penury, the informer of ignorance. Brilliancy of talents, elegance of discrimination, might have given the author of the following dying bequest, a station high in letters; but that amiable surrender of popular praise, for the retired and noiseless occupations of benevolence, embodies, and, as it were, humanizes our feelings. Where we might, at a distance, have revered the AUTHOR, we now feel friendship and love for the MAN under these circumstances; I cannot feel otherwise than as conferring a favour on the Editor of the Monthly Visitor, and on society at large, by giving the following paper a still greater publicity.

A CLERGYMAN'S LEGACY TO HIS PARISHIONERS.

AS the last advice of a dying friend may have often a better effect than his living advice, I have ordered these few rules, my brethren, to be printed, and distributed among you at my funeral. They contain the sum of what instruction I may, at different times, have given you.

The great end for which God Almighty sent us into this world, I have often informed you, is to fit us for heaven. Why God, instead of making us happy at once, thought proper to lead us to a state of happiness in heaven, through a state of trial in this world, is a question we have nothing to do with. It is God's pleasure it should be so; and we have only

to submit to his means of making us happy, and to take it for granted they are the best. We are to consider ourselves, therefore, as placed in this world, as in a school of preparation to fit us for the next, by laying aside all wickedness; and fitting ourselves for a state of purity. I shall, therefore, give a few rules, to shew you what is chiefly required of us in our passage through this world.

To God our first duties are owing. As we receive all from God, he has a claim on the utmost of our love and gratitude. Through him we live: through him we are preserved: and through his mercy we are redeemed, by the atonement of Christ, from the evil consequences of sin. To him, therefore, we should shew our gratitude by daily prayer. Make him your friend by a good life, and through faith in the merits of a blessed Redeemer, you may hope to be accepted by him. He will support you when every thing else fails.

Whoever neglects the church can have little regard for religion; and he who neglects the sacrament can have as little for the dying commands of that Saviour, who died for his sins.

Never let an oath come out of your mouth. As there is no temptation to swear, it is in fact doing the devil's wages for nothing.

Be honest and fair in your dealings. Trick-ing and cheating serves only a present occasion. They never turn out well in the end. Consider, also, that if you are in any parish

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office, it is as unjust to cheat the parish as to cheat a neighbour. Indeed it is worse, as you break a trust.

Take care not to get a habit of drinking. As drunkenness includes every vice and folly, nothing is more offensive to God. The man is turned into a beast. Consider, also, that there is no vice more easily learned. A few times going to the ale-house will form a habit.

In your meetings with each other, never speak ill of those who are absent: be not rough and abusive to those who are present: and never defile your lips with lewd and filthy discourse. Such discourse shews you have corrupt hearts yourselves, and tends to corrupt others.

Be industrious in your callings. Do the best you can yourselves; but leave the event to God.

In your families be kind and gentle. Spend what you earn at home, not on yourselves. Instruct your children as well as you can; and, above all things, set them a good example. If the father lets his son hear him swear, or see him get drunk, or cheat, he must not wonder if his son turns out ill.

Young men, who have the same wages as those who have families, ought to lay by a little every week. It will teach them to be frugal, and enable them, when they have families, to furnish a house.

Do these things, and you will be happier in

this world than wickedness can make you :  
and I hope we shall all meet again together  
in a blessed eternity hereafter ; which is the  
sincere prayer of

Your affectionate Minister,

WM. GILPIN.

Vicar's Hill, 5th April, 1804.

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THE LATE DR. PERCIVAL.

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THIS highly esteemed and respectable man, though principally addicted to the studies of his profession, which he cultivated with great success, did not confine the exercise of his talents to a single object, but made many deviations into the paths of literature and philosophy ; and what does him much greater credit, employed his elegant genius in explaining and enforcing the domestic and the moral duties of life ; which he has not recommended with the coldness of speculation, or the harshness of men who censure with acrimony any failure in duties which they neither do, nor mean to practise themselves ; but with the tenderness of one conscious of the imperfection of human nature, but who was nevertheless, to a great degree, himself the example which he taught. These amiable qualities (for what human endowments are free from defect ?) have, I think, contributed to lessen the value of his writings,

professedly on the subject of medicine. His excellent disposition, ever zealous for the good of mankind, prompted him to be too sanguine in his expectations of success from remedies, which farther experience has shewn to be either weak or ineffectual ; and his unsuspecting mind led him to credit accounts of benefits received, with too little inquiry into the authority of those from whence they were derived.

His earliest medical writings partake too much of common-place declamation ; but this fault was soon corrected ; and his subsequent professional works are free from this objection ; and though liable to some others, above recited, have, nevertheless, by the candour, judgment, and personal veracity, which is conspicuous in them, all contributed to improve medical science. His addresses to his own family, and the moral Tales and Examples, which he either composed, or selected and adorned, for their improvement, are, to the writer of this, inexpressibly tender and affecting. They do not overstep the capacities of children, and affect the hearts of all ages alike. The style is beautifully suited to the subject, being simple, affectionate, and condescending, without sinking into puerility in the expression, or childish imbecility in the sentiment.

His genius seemed to improve with his advance in life. Though labouring under the pressure of pain, disease, and domestic anxi-



ety, he did not suffer indolence to corrupt his mind, but employed his leisure and later hours to the perfecting a composition, which does equal honour to his head and to his heart; and in my opinion conveys, though obliquely, greater proof of his practical abilities as a physician, than those works which he wrote professedly in the character of a practitioner—I need not here say I refer to his book on Medical Ethics; a work truly of a great genius, and far exceeding what the opinion of even some of his partial and affectionate friends thought him capable of performing.

He has in that work composed a system of Medical Legislation, extending to the exercise of all the branches of that science; and founded in reason, justice, benevolence, and truth. Nor is the stile of this admirable work less worthy of our regard than the matter—plain, simple, elegant, and intelligible; it explains to every capacity the precepts the author wishes to inculcate; and fortunate would it be for the profession, and tending much to raise the medical character, if the rules he lays down were practised by all. Want of candour, jealousy, misinterpretation, or direct or implied detraction, would be either no more heard of, or subject those who sought to rise by such unworthy arts, to general contempt, scorn, and indignation.

This worthy man had the misfortune to lose two of his sons in the prime of years, moral virtues, and intellectual accomplishments.

But I am informed that he bore his sufferings like a man; and although, as is said of another eminent character on a similar occasion, he had a temper so tender, that sad things were apt enough to make deep impressions upon him, yet the regard he had to the wisdom, and to the providence of God, and the just estimate he made of external things, did, to admiration, maintain the tranquillity of his mind; and he gave no occasion, by idleness, to suffer melancholy to corrupt his spirit; but by the perpetual bent of his thoughts, he knew well how to divert them from being oppressed with excess of sorrow.

Towards the latter part of his life, this worthy man directed his attention to the prevention of the diseases, and the improvement of the condition, of the youth employed in the manufactures of the opulent place in which he lived; and his efforts with this view were highly judicious and effectual, and not merely confined to the preservation of health, but calculated to enforce the precepts of morality and religion, by affording opportunities of instruction at that age, when they make the deepest impression, and promise the most lasting effects on future conduct.

What is above said, contains the imperfect recollections, but sincere sentiments, of a person bred up in the same line of profession with himself; and who, for some years, joined their studies, and formed at an early age (forty-one years ago) habits of friendship, esteem, and regard, which nothing but death

dissolved.—The writer has not dealt in indiscriminate panegyric, though, on the present occasion, much more might be said than the world is generally disposed to credit, because much more was in this instance due than could be said of many characters, who are, nevertheless, made the subjects of strained and profligate adulation.—What would it avail me to deviate from truth? The voice of censure cannot pierce the grave,—

“ Nor flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death.”

#### JOHNSON THE SMUGGLER,

**T**HIS extraordinary man, whom we have had occasion to notice in former numbers of our Miscellany, and whose exploits on various occasions have made so much noise in this and other countries, after having nobly resisted the temptation and menaces of the French Government, to induce him to serve the enemies of Old England, has, by another piece of singular address and intrepidity, escaped from the dungeons of BONAPARTE, and is now in London. It is universally admitted, that in various occupations, and in that of smuggling particularly, JOHNSON has acquired a more accurate knowledge of the different ports and bearings of the coasts of Great Britain, France, and Holland, than most others. He has obtained his Majesty's pardon, with some situation under Government. His intrepidity, activity, and enterprise, certainly entitle him to repute, and his unshaken patriotism has some claim to reward.



VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

## THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches---none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

### DRURY-LANE.

A MUSICAL entertainment, called "The Dash; or, Who but He?" was performed for the first and *last* time, Saturday, October 20. It is the production of a Mr. Latham, who has published two dramatic pieces, one of which was acted at Norwich. The piece, under present consideration, had nothing to recommend it but Mr. Reeves's music, which, we are sorry, was thrown away on such contemptible stuff. The plot, if any, was in the last scene, which was a direct imitation of Reynold's comedy of "Management;" the characters of Frolic and Paddy Bull miserable copies of Little Pickle and Caleb Quo-

tem; the dialogue and poetry abominable—indeed the author committed plagiary so much, that one of his songs is borrowed from “The Criminal Recorder;” viz. a ballad which was made upon Catherine Hayes, and, horrid as the subject was, introduced abruptly into this miserable piece: one of the Sunday papers gave it as the *best* specimen of the poetry. We were sorry to see Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Collins, Miss Decamp, and Miss Pope, sacrificing their abilities; in spite of their exertions it was with difficulty heard throughout, and finally condemned.

Miss Duncan, from Edinburgh, made her first appearance in the character of Lady Teazle, and has since played Rosalind, in “As You Like It,” with considerable applause; her figure is elegant, and her countenance very pleasing.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

A NEW comedy, called “The Blind Bargain; or, Hear Him Out,” written by Mr. Reynolds, was performed for the first time here, Wednesday, Oct. 24, which was favourably received. Most of the business turns upon the circumstance of Sir Andrew Analyse having sent home, from the East-Indies, a child that he had adopted as heir to his great fortune, upon some false information with regard to the conduct of his relations in England. This child was entrusted

to Pliable, a knavish apothecary, who received a very handsome allowance for his maintenance. At the commencement of the piece, the little boy is dead, and Sir Andrew arrives, impatient to see him. Pliable, for his interest sake, substitutes a stolen child, who turns out to belong to a couple that hold a conspicuous rank in the drama; and, after occasioning many strange events, at length brings about the denouement. To this were added, the supposed seduction of an amiable young woman; an intrigue between an antiquated coquette and an alderman; and the persecution of a married man, endowed with every virtue: in short, the piece is, like the author's former productions, a *farcical* comedy; a great variety of incidents occur, but there is much absurdity, both in plot and character. Sir Andrew, a lexicographer, is the most finished and original character; it was ably sustained by Mr. Fawcett. Villars was a character beneath Mr. Kemble. The other characters, though without any remarkable features, were well represented by Messrs. Lewis, Emery, Blanchard, Farley, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Davenport, &c. The females are very flat and insipid. The prologue was spoken by Mr. Murray, and a rambling epilogue was humourously chanted by Mr. Emery.

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THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*

FOR OCTOBER, 1804

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ACROSTIC.

**S**HALL foul Corruption's deleterious schemes,  
In spite of Liberty's refulgent beams,  
Resistless triumph o'er the human breast?—  
Forbid it, Britons!—spurn the hateful pest;  
Revenge your wrongs, a bold example set,  
And aid the cause of **FREEDOM** and **BURDETT**.  
No mean servility his glory stains,  
Corruption's odious arts his soul disdains;  
Ignoble minds may act the vassal's part,  
Stoop meanly down, and use ungenerous art;  
But unlike these, **BURDETT** with liberal zeal,  
Unites his efforts for his country's weal:  
Rais'd up by Fortune to a lofty sphere,  
Distress still finds in him a friend sincere:  
Exhaustless thus his num'rous virtues flow,  
Transcendent still, while all united shew  
Th' illustrious patriot, and the Friend of Woe. }

JACQUES.

*Islington, Sept. 1804.*

## THE BENGAL EVENING.

*(In Imitation of Dyer's Grongar Hill.)*

NOW while Cynthia in her pride,  
Silvering tints the flowing tide,  
While musing silence reigns around,  
And nought disturbs the pause profound;  
Assist, oh Muse ! thy votaries flight  
To paint these glowing scenes of night :  
First down the river's glassy tide,  
The evening barks all silent glide ;  
Save that the sighing gale will bring  
The oars soft music on its wing ;  
As ever and anon they lave,  
And spraying spread the lucid wave :  
Gradual it sinks—at last its gone ;  
Silent the breeze must now return.  
In vain th' exploring sight would trace  
The murky bats encircling race ?  
Mark yonder deep green clump of trees  
That bows its top to meet the breeze :  
See it veils their rapid flight,  
And now again they meet the light :  
Again the envious shade conceals,  
Again the moon's pale beam reveals.  
Hark to the buzzing insects cries,  
See the gold enamell'd flies,  
Mark they hither wing their way,  
The lambent sparks shew where they stray.  
Hear the screech owl's thrilling voice,  
Self-delighted with its noise :  
Tell me lonely bird of night,  
Tell me why thou shun'st the light ?  
Why at evening's gloom 'st thou,  
Only then thou quitt'st the bow'r ?



Is it because thy serious mind,  
 Knows the folly of mankind ;  
 Ever toiling, still in vain ;  
 Seeking pleasure—meeting pain !  
 If this thy motive, then thou'rt wise,  
 His pomp and bustle to despise.  
 Come warm fancy, heav'nly maid,  
 Waft me thro' yon sombre shade ;  
 Come in all thy colours gay,  
 To assist thy vot'ry's lay !  
 Ampler prospects would he shew,  
 Tow'ring tree and cottage low :—  
 Bamboo clumps of lively hue  
 Thickly darkening into blue :  
 Hard to paint th' irraguous scene,  
 Which all around is felt and seen !  
 There, the opening trees disclose  
 Where the limpid streamlet flows :  
 How it glitters in the beams,  
 That thro' the parting foliage gleams :  
 List !—the savage jackal's howl,  
 Mark yon village ; there they prowl :  
 Soft ! the dismal yell would fade ;  
 But yet it sounds along the glade.—  
 Hush ! it sinks ! still lower,—lower !  
 Silence reigns—'tis heard no more.

Bengal, 1803.

H. T. R.

## A SONG, BY MRS. HAYLEY.

**A**S Fame, the fair goddess, whose clarion so  
 shrill  
 Its echoes the wondering universe fill,  
 Was leaning one day 'gainst an admiral's mast,  
 "I am weary," she cried, (having blown a loud  
 blast)—

I am weary of these my monotonous notes,  
 That justice to brave British seamen devotes;  
 They all are so brave, when they level a gun  
 That I find 'there's no novelty under the sun."  
 "Your pardon! fair goddess! (a figure exclaim'd;  
 A figure celestial, and FORTITUDE nam'd!)  
 A complaint so unfounded no longer pursue,  
 For I bring you a theme that is perfectly new!  
 The like you ne'er saw in your sphere's wide ex-  
 panse,

So honor my trusty and brave Captain DANCE—  
 The merchant who beat the Marengo of France."

Honest FAME now surveys her new theme with  
 delight,

Her clarion was eager to praise such a fight;  
 And she fondly exclaim'd "by the star of the pole,  
 Such a hero as this I have not on my roll.

Tho' of BRITAIN's brave seamen, the host I adore,  
 Almost equal in number the waves of the shore;—

Tho' radiant the warriors, enroll'd in her file

THIS wonder is new in my wonderful isle.

Thou hast prov'd the first merchant so destin'd to  
 shine

Who has bravely beat off a first-rate of the line.

Gay COMMERCE shall bid her broad sea be her  
 grave

'Ere it sinks in oblivion a Briton so brave.

Now a favorite name in my sphere's wide expanse,

I honor the trusty and brave Captain DANCE,  
 The merchant who beat the Marengo of France."

#### THE VOLUNTEER STRIPLING.

YES! noble old warrior! this heart has beat high,  
 When you told of the deeds which our coun-  
 trymen wrought;

O lend me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,  
 And I too will fight as my forefathers fought.

Despise not my youth ! for my spirit is steel'd,  
And I know there is strength in the grasp of my  
hand !

Yea, as firm as thyself, would I march to the field,  
And as proudly would die for our dear native  
land.

In the sports of my childhood I mimick'd the sight,  
The sound of a trumpet suspended my breath !  
And my fancy still wander'd by day and by night,  
Mid battles and bloodshed, mid conquest and  
death.

My own shout of onset, in the heart of my trance,  
How oft it has wak'd me from visions of glory ;  
When I dreamt that I'd rush'd on the hero of  
France,  
And dash'd him to earth, pale, breathless, and  
gory !

As late thro' our city with banners all streaming,  
To the music of trumpets the warriors flew by—  
With helmet and scymitar naked and gleaming,  
On their proud, trampling, thunder-hoof'd steeds  
did they fly.

I sped to yon heath, that is lonely and bare—  
Each nerve was unquiet—each pulse in alarm ?  
And I hurl'd my mock-lance thro' the mind-peo-  
pled air,  
And in open-ey'd dream prov'd the strength of  
my arm !

Yes, noble old warrior ! this heart has beat high,  
When you told of the deeds that our countrymen  
wrought ;  
O lend me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,  
And I too will fight as my forefathers fought !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

## ELEGIAC VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. CHARLOTTE S———,  
OF BROMLEY COLLEGE, KENT,

*Relict of the Rev. A. S. Brother of the Writer of these Lines, and late  
Vicar of Aston Blanke, in Gloucestershire.*

WHILST hostile banners wave in foreign fields,  
And Gallia's legions threat Britannia's  
coast,

To public scenes the mind attention yields,  
And private woes in war's alarms are lost.

But, lone survivor of a husband dear!

Whose worth to me the flight of years has shewn,  
Thy sorrows claim the tributary tear,  
For all thy sorrows are, alas! my own.

How short the date to earthly bliss assign'd!

How oft we mourn o'er Friendship's early tomb;  
How oft the thorn of anguish tears the mind;  
How oft Life's scenes are wrapt in sorrow's gloom!

To prospects born, to ancestors allied,\*

Who in the page of British annals shine,  
Hope's brightest views to thee were not denied,  
Nor the soft graces which thy sex refine.

But adverse fortune mark'd thy future day,

And gloom'd the morn that on thee roses bright;  
It made Life's fairy visions fleet away,  
And sunk thy prospects in the realms of night!

\* Mrs. S. is a descendant of the Poyntz family.  
—Her ancestors bore a degree of eminence for their  
patriotism and public spirit, and for some centuries  
possessed considerable estates in Gloucestershire,  
which were unfortunately lost during the civil wars  
in the reign of Charles I.

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Domestic woes, a melancholy train !

Have hover'd round thee in terrific forms ;  
O let Religion's hopes thy griefs sustain,  
And still the tumults of Affliction's storms !

With thee, dear sister, deep I felt the blow,  
That sudden \* snatch'd a brother lov'd away ;  
How burst the tears to see that friend laid low,  
Whose converse gladden'd life's eventful day !

You, where yon rural hamlet † crowns the hill,  
Depicted scenes of happy hours to come ;  
But ne'er can time, alas ! those hopes fulfil,  
Sunk in the shadowy darkness of the tomb.

O valu'd brother ! whom Affection's chain  
Bound to my heart by Nature's strongest tie ;  
My sorrow to repress I strive in vain,  
Thy loss still heaves the sympathetic sigh.

Thee sense refin'd and ev'ry manly thought  
Distinguish'd far above the common throng ;  
Thy truth, thy honor noblest lessons taught,  
Firm in thy virtue, in thy reason strong.

Fraught with the purest stores of Learning's lore,  
Thy mind was fitted to each deeper theme,  
The darkest parts of science could explore,  
And make them shine in Truth's resplendent  
beam.

A skill'd and faithful pastor of thy flock,  
Thy artless eloquence conviction brought ;  
To keep afar from Vice's fatal rock  
Alike thy precepts and example taught.

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\* The Rev. Mr. S. died of an apoplectic fit, as  
he was going to perform divine service.

† Aston Blanke.

But ah! no more thy presence now shall charm,  
 No more instruct us in the scene below;  
 Thou can'st not come to us of mortal form,  
 But, if deserving, we to thee shall go.

Hope says thou'rt fled to those celestial realms,  
 Where Sorrow's shock the bosom ne'er alarms:  
 From us thou'rt fled; thy loss with grief o'er-  
 whelms,  
 And leaves thy Charlotte in a brother's arms!

The lowly instrument of HIM above,  
 Who gracious listeth to the widow's pray'r,  
 O may that brother her protector prove,  
 And shield her orphans with a father's care!

Thy walls, O Warner,\* lend a kind retreat  
 To the lone widow in Affliction's shade;  
 For this will future times thy name † repeat,  
 Though low in dust thy mould'ring form is laid.

To the forlorn a hospitable shed,  
 Amid the ills of life's inclement clime,  
 Long may thy structure nobly rear its head,  
 And stand unhurt amid the wrecks of time.

Let us, lov'd sister, who afflicted mourn  
 O'er vanish'd hopes and comforts swept away,  
 From earth our view to blissful regions turn,  
 Where shines the light of everlasting day.

No troubles there will happiness annoy,  
 When once we're wafted to that quiet shore;  
 Pure and unstain'd will flow the stream of joy,  
 And friends long lost will meet to part no more!

\* Bishop Warner was the founder of the institution at Bromley for clergymen's widows.

† "Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore." Ecclesiasticus.

And let us trust, though life its sorrows bring,  
 That gracious BEING, who existence gave,  
 Will guard the virtuous with his shelt'ring wing,  
 And still be near to comfort and to save.

J. SANDERSON.

*Mereworth Castle.*

## THE 'SQUIRE AND HIS HORSES.

A FACT.

VOLTAIRE, that son of sin and defamation,  
 Made this severe reflection on our nation ;  
 " Their steel, more sharp than wit, cuts these two  
 things—

The tails of horses and the heads of kings !"

This foreign anecdote I lay before ye,

Is foreign quite, quite foreign to our story ;

Save that (the truth ev'n savages might shock)

We are too apt our horses' rumps to dock—

And " thereby hangs a tale"—'tis this—There  
 once

Liv'd here a country gem'man, no small dunce.

One day it pleas'd him, in a silly mood,

To seize a knife, and curtail all his stud.

The deed perform'd in haste to suit his pleasure,

When done, he then repented at his leisure.

The long tail'd nags which pleas'd him so before,

" Shorn of their beams," now pleas'd the 'squire no  
 more.

Griev'd at the act, to Ralph his groom he spoke—

" Too far we've carried, Ralph, this cutting joke :

What think you, shall we put them up to sale ?"

" Aye, Sir, (cried he) and sell them quick whole-  
 sale."

" Wholesale ! why so, since no diseases ail them ?"

" Because (said Ralph) you never can retail them !"

## AN EVENING HYMN.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

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**O** LORD, my God, and heavenly King !  
From whom eternal blessings spring,  
My tongue thy mercies shall proclaim,  
And magnify thy holy name !

My soul lifts up herself to thee,  
Thy special care this night to be ;  
Muses thy praise in grateful notes ;  
And silent pray'r to thee devotes !

Stretch forth thine arm, O Lord, this night,  
Protect me now in absent light ;  
Then, unmolested shall I sleep,  
When thou, my God, the watch shalt keep !

If sleep this night forsake mine eyes,  
My thoughts shall mount th' ethereal skies ;  
The image of my God to trace  
Who fills immeasurable space !

But, if by Heav'ns high decree,  
Ere morn a lifeless corpse I be ;  
O, may my soul in heaven rest,  
And in my Saviour's courts be blest !

Praise God, all creatures here below,  
Praise him in songs of fervent glow,  
All ye who vital breath enjoy  
Praise him in hymns, with ceaseless joy !

ELTHAM.

A. D.

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## Literary Review.

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*The Shooting Directory.* By R. B. Thornhill, Esq.  
4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards. Longman and Co.

THE sports of the field is a subject which has been hitherto neglected by literary characters, except in poetic effusions; for, it seems, sportsmen have been, in general, so much devoted to their pleasures, that they could not spare time, or rather bear the necessary confinement, to afford posterity any information upon this topic. The present age, however, has produced men of science and classical worth, who have vouchsafed to lay before the public their practical knowledge. The "Sportsman's Cabinet," which we have lately noticed, is a proof of this assertion; and the present interesting work furnishes an additional one, which, we doubt not, will prove an agreeable companion to the lovers of shooting. It treats not only upon the *canine* race, but describes the *game*, and takes into consideration, the *fowling-piece*, *shot*, *game laws*, &c. The author's style is in general elegant, bordering neither upon puerility, nor pedantry.

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*Memoirs of the Life of Gilbert Wakefield, B. A. formerly Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. In Two Volumes. A new Edition, with his latest Corrections, and Notes by the Editors; to which is subjoined, an Appendix, of original Letters.*

The great mass of mankind are destined to low occupations, and of course are soon involved in the shades of oblivion. Some, however, are endowed with eminent talents and exquisite feelings, which render them a superior race of beings. Such are appointed by Heaven to rule and guide, to enlighten and reform the world. Of this class was the subject of this memoir; his history, therefore, at once excites and gratifies curiosity.

The Rev. Gilbert Wakefield was born at Nottingham, Feb. 22, 1756; he was the third son of a clergyman, and his brother is now vicar of Richmond, Surry. Mr. Wakefield wrote his own life, of which the first volume consists, and which was published about ten years ago, and has now received many additions. It is full of literary anecdote and singular observations. He quitted the church at an early period, and devoted the subsequent part of his life to the cultivation of letters.

The *second* volume takes up the narrative where Mr. Wakefield left it, and continues it till his death, which happened at Hackney, Sept. 9, 1801, in the 46th year of his age, leaving a widow and six children.

What is supposed to have contributed to

his death, was his imprisonment in Dorchester goal for two years, being the punishment assigned for his Answer to the Bishop of Llandaff!! On his emancipation he had recourse to his usual practice of walking very much, which brought on a fever, which terminated in his dissolution.

His publications were numerous and learned; his chief excellence was an intimate acquaintance with Greek and Roman learning. His translation of the New Testament is much esteemed by christians of a liberal cast, and, indeed, his Criticisms are generally considered well worthy attention. His religious, and especially his political writings, are highly favourable to civil and religious liberty, but they have too much asperity in them. He was indignant at certain measures respecting the late war, and expressed his abhorrence of them without reserve. Hence his prosecution, which was conducted with all the vengeance of judicial severity.

In private life he was remarkably amiable, and greatly beloved by his friends and connections, who raised *five thousand pounds* for him at the commencement of his imprisonment. With all his imperfections, it is impossible not to admire his love of integrity. He was not only a scholar, but also a great and good man.—Peace be to his memory!

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*The Universe; a Poem. By Henry Baker, F. R. S. A new Edition, with Notes. To which is added the Life of the Author.*

WE congratulate the public on the appearance of this new and neat edition, of a very admirable poem; our readers may possibly recollect, that it was made the subject of a *Reflector*, in a former number of our *Miscellany*. It is written in rhyme, characterized by a considerable portion of ease and harmony. The description it contains of the planetary system, rises to sublimity. It cannot be read without feeling a greater degree of reverence for the works and ways of the Deity. Mr. Baker died in 1774, upwards of seventy years of age. He married the youngest daughter of the famous Daniel Defoe, who brought him two sons, both of whom he followed to the grave. His biographer (Mr. Wright of Wisbeach, to whom we are indebted for this edition) says,—“ He was an intelligent, upright, and benevolent, man; his friends were the friends of science and virtue; and no one was more ready to assist those with whom he was conversant, in their researches for the advancement of knowledge, and the benefit of society.

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*The Life of Caius Julius Cæsar, drawn from the most authentic Sources of Information. By Charles Coote, L. L. D.*

WITH this little volume we have been highly pleased. JULIUS CÆSAR was one of

the most extraordinary men in the world. Neither his mind nor his body seemed of a common make; he was, in this respect, privileged by nature beyond the usual lot of humanity.

This work is evidently the production of a scholar; the author has consulted the best authorities, and made use of his information with judgment and ability. We equally admire the plan and the execution. No classical seminary should be without it. To the pupil, studying the Roman language, it must yield no small advantage. For it will interest them in the History of Rome, and will teach them to relish the "Commentaries of Cæsar;" than which there is not a more neat, and a more elegant written book, that has come down to us from antiquity. We thank, therefore, *Dr. Coote* for the pains he has taken, and wish the work may obtain, as it deserves, a most extensive circulation.

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*Maxims and Opinions, Moral, Political, and Economical, with Characters from the Works of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. In Two small Volumes; with a Portrait.*

EDMUND BURKE was a man of an extraordinary character; few persons in their day have attracted more attention, nor will he be forgotten by posterity. Indeed, as a politician, he of late years took a distinguished part in the affairs of our country. In the

American war he opposed, and in the war with France supported government. Both these circumstances will cause his name to occur very frequently in the annals of our country.

His works make several quarto volumes, of course so ponderous a production cannot be very generally read by the middling classes of society. It is, therefore, a very acceptable labour, to select the parts most worthy of circulation. This seems to have been done in the work before us, with judgment and industry. It, indeed, forms a most pleasing compilation, and the portrait is a good engraving. We only have to add, that the publication would have been still more valuable, had it contained a piece of biography.

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*Retrospect of the Political World,*

FOR OCTOBER, 1804.

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LITTLE has happened this last month in the state of public affairs, calculated to excite and interest the attention. The principal thing, indeed, has been the *expedition* against the French boats, in the harbour of Bologne. At first its success was stated to have been complete, and even *one hundred and fifty* of the gun-boats were said to have been destroyed! But, alas! the news was too good to prove true. Comparatively

speaking, no great injury appears to have been sustained by the enemy. The project for blowing up the boats was ingenious and singular, but the plan certainly has in a measure failed, nor can it be renewed with any hopes of victory.

The *immense power of Russia* seems at last to be roused at the oppressions of the Corsican Usurper; and the paper, delivered in by the Czar to the Court of France, is distinguished for its spirit and ability. We most sincerely wish that something may be effectually done, to check the progress of a man who is a disgrace to human nature, and a pest to the world!

The *rumour of invasion* has rather subsided, though prudence requires that the same vigilance should be kept up respecting the motions of the enemy. Let us, however, indulge no fears—the *spirit of Old England* still survives, and our defensive measures will make a brilliant figure in the future annals of British history.

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### MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST,

FOR OCTOBER, 1804.

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1. A GRAND Naval Fete given by his majesty, at Weymouth, on board the royal yacht, moored in the harbour, and on platforms under marquees near them

raised for the purpose. After dinner, their majesties and the company were entertained by a Dutch Fair, in which characters were exhibited with great humor and effect. They then visited the theatre, where the audience vied in expressions of loyalty.

2. An attack made with combustible machines on the gun-boats in the harbor of Bologne—which has been already described in our retrospect of the political world.

6. An account received of another new planet being discovered—in light and magnitude it resembles Ceres, and has been observed to move retrograde towards the west with increasing southern declination.

8. An atrocious plot to rob and murder a Sutler, was discovered at Fairlight Camp. The persons concerned were taken into custody, and will no doubt receive condign punishment.

10. A collier and a boy going down into a coal-pit at Ayr—on opening a trap-door the foul air burst forth with so much violence, that it drove them forcibly against the sides of the pit—the man died, and the boy will scarcely survive it. Such accidents are very frequent, and it is to be regretted that more care is not taken to prevent them.

12. A genteel young woman flung herself into Whitefriars Dock, and, striking between two barges, was much bruised—she would have been drowned were it not for the exertions of a gentleman who saw her in this dreadful situation.



20. A female servant at Enfield, striking a light into a tinder-box, and it failing to kindle, incautiously threw gun-powder upon it—when it exploded almost to her destruction.

21. About seven o'clock in the evening, the sky was seen to exhibit a very singular appearance. Sometimes it appeared of an exceeding bright hue, the beams radiating like the *Aurora Borealis*, but more splendid than it has been lately seen. Sometimes the sky appeared of a dark red, a darkish colour, or, as some thought, of a bloody red. The splendid brightness was so strong, that it had the appearance of the atmosphere illuminated by a vast conflagration.

23. About seven in the evening, the Right Hon. Dowager Lady Dacre, visiting the tomb of the late Lord Dacre (as is her custom daily) a ruffian came up, presented a pistol to her breast, and demanded her watch and purse, both of which she gave him. The fellow then made off. It is an aggravation of his crime, that he should have committed the depredation at such a time, and on so pious an occasion.

25. At ten o'clock, the remains of Mr. Bannister, sen. were removed from his house in Suffolk-street, and interred in the family vault, under the Communion Table, in St. Martin's Church. The hearse was drawn by four horses, and followed by six mourning-coaches, in which were Messrs. Barrymore, Moody, Waldron, Holland, Wroughton, Pope,

Johnstone, Kelly, Incledon, Munden, Lewis, Bartley, Collins, Cherry, Dowton, Suett, Fawcett, Truman, Caulfield, and Hill. Mr. Bannister was in the first coach with some of his children. Many other friends of the deceased joined the procession. The coffin was placed on those of the deceased's mother and brother in the vault,

26. The pavement in front of the Haymarket theatre sunk owing to the sewer giving way—one of the pillars also supporting the porch fell into the chasm! Had the accident happened during a performance, it might have been attended with dreadful consequences.

27. Henry Perfect, tried at Hickes's Hall, for swindling Lord Clarendon under the pretence of assisting a distressed female, said to come from the West Indies. He had, at different times, defrauded the public of near *five hundred pounds*. He was sentenced to seven years transportation—so that his depredations have ceased on society.

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### MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

**J**AMES CLEGG, Griffin-street, Shadwell, mariner. Samuel Castell and Walter Powell, Lombard-street, bankers. Thomas Faulkner, Oxford-street, oil and colour-man. James Campbell, Shakespear Tavern, Covent-garden, vintner. William Shayle, Ledbury, Hereford, currier. Thomas Hasting, Ludlow, Salop, innkeeper. William Llewellyn and Rowles Pattison, Bristol, linen-dra-

pers. John English, Wisbeach, Cambridge, wine merchant. John Henry Schneider, Bow-lane, merchant. George Stratton and Henry Stratton, Blackfriars-road, Surrey, ironmongers. John Jones, Newport, Salop, innholder. John Cutler, Maidstone, linen-draper. Joseph Owen, Holborn, watch-maker. William Dodd, Oxford-street, carver and gilder. Matthew Sayles, Joseph Hancock, and William Sayles, Sheffield, York, cutlers. George Layland Robarts, Sulcoates, York, spirit-merchant. Thomas Yarrol, Finsbury place, taylor. John Coates, Hamilton-street, Piccadilly, taylor. John Gott, late of Armley, Leeds, clothier. Henry Hyman, late of Church-street, Minories, Middlesex, jeweller. Elias Frailing, late of Brighthelmstone, Sussex, cheesemonger. William Mayor, Preston, Lancashire, woollen-draper. John Cunningham, Epsom, Surrey, shopkeeper. Thomas Dandy, Bermondsey-wall, Surrey, slopseller. James Bennet and Samuel Lovesey, late of High Holborn, pawn-brokers. John Baker, Peckham, Surrey, carpenter. George Ludlow, Angel court, Throgmorton street, merchant. John Hemming, Walsal, Stafford, druggist. Martin White, Portsmouth, wine-merchant. Richard Huggins, Bristol, cabinet-maker. William James, Red Lion-square, apothecary. Sir Francis Seale, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, coal and corn-merchant. Fanny Simpson, Preston, Lancashire, milliner. Daniel Baruh, Whitechapel-road, apothecary. Richard Matthew Westell, Aldgate High-street, London, glass-cutter. Thomas Main, Brook-street, Middlesex, stone-mason. Thomas Sharman, Castle-street, Finsbury-square, plumber. Joseph Keens, Basingstoke, Hants, dealer. William Pearce and John Pearce, Basinghall-street, clothiers. Richard Plumer Fuller, Guildford, Surrey, ironmonger. John Showell, Marylebone-street, Golden-square,

hat-manufacturer. George Pailthorpe, St. John's-street, oilman. William Pickman, Great Newport-street, watch-maker. Stephen Hill, Bishopsgate-street, oil and colourman. Daniel M'Cormack, Marshall-street, Red Lion-square, coachmaker. John Hill, Exeter, flour-factor. Hyam Solomon, Duke-street, Aldgate, London, taylor. Frederick Michael Fisher, Barbican, jeweller. Thomas Binns, Bromesgrove, nail-factor. John Rowden, Grand Junction Wharf, White-friars, timber-merchant. John Campbell, Epworth, Lincoln, mercer. John Gratix Smyth, Baches-row, Hoxton, merchant.

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#### REMARKABLE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

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##### MARRIED.

Lately, the Hon. Peter Boyle Blaquiere, son to Lord De Blaquiere, to Miss Eliza O'Brien, daughter to Dennis O'Brien, Esq. of Dublin.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Wm. Lloyd, Esq. of Aston, in Shropshire, to Miss Harvey, eldest daughter of Captain Eliab Harvey, of the Navy, and one of the members for the county of Essex.

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##### DEATHS.

Wednesday, John Rogers, Esq. First Clerk in the Discount-Office, aged seventy-nine years, fifty-six of which were spent in the service of the Bank of England.

At Madras, in April last, Miss Ann Elizabeth Stuart, daughter to General James Stuart, Commander in Chief of the Settlement.

Lately, aged 104, retaining her faculties to the last, Mrs. Lovelin, relict of the Rev. Wm. Lovelin, formerly Vicar of Castlemartin, Pembrokeshire.

In Green Park-place, Bath, aged 73, George Paul Monck, Esq. the lineal descendant of General Monck, Duke of Albemarle. This gentleman was married to Lady Araminta Beresford, sister to the late Marquis of Waterford, and was father to Mrs. R. Dawson, of Dublin, and the Lady of the Rev. Gustavus Hume, of the county of Wicklow.

At Colebrook Dale, aged 74, Mr. Richard Dearman, one of the people called Quakers. His death was very sudden; he went to bed well on Saturday night, and was found dead in his bed on Sunday morning.

Mr. Thomas Whittington, of Hillingden, at the very advanced age of 104. He retained all his faculties as well to the very last hour as ever he did at any other period of his life, and could walk a distance of two or three miles with perfect ease. His long life was rendered remarkable by his very constant attachment to drinking; but he never had any other liquor than gin, of which he daily drank two or three glasses till within a fortnight of his death. He was born in the reign of King William, and had a most perfect recollection of the person of Queen Anne, of whom he often spoke. In the rebellion of 1715, he was employed in conveying troops and baggage from Uxbridge to London. His remains have been interred in Hillington church-yard, near his father's, who died a few years ago, at the same age.

On Friday morning, Mr. Charles Bannister, at his house in Suffolk-street, much lamented by his family and numerous friends.

On Tuesday, at a miserable court on Saffron-hill, a beggar of the name of James, who for many years has asked charity about the streets, and who was known by the long hoary locks that hung over his shoulders. Being aware of his dissolution, he sent for his only issue, a sweep, at Pentonville, and

on his arrival the father made dumb motions for the removal of a brick in the chimney, which being done, the son drew from a hole 104 pounds in gold and silver specie. This penurious mendicant was of respectable parents in Devonshire, and was in business at Exeter, which place he left in a state of insolvency in 1776, since which time he has begged in the London streets. So penurious was this old man, that on no account would he part with his day's production, and when his supply fell short, he would resist death by the soup which came from the bones he had picked up during his day's travel.

At Wakefield, aged seven, of a violent fit of crying, in consequence of being imprudently and falsely told that her mother was gone to be married, Miss A. Haxworth.

At Carmarthen, Mrs. Lewis, wife of Mr. David Lewis, jun. She dreamt that she met with two men carrying a coffin, and inquiring who it was for, they replied it was for her. This had such an effect upon her mind, that it brought on a miscarriage, which terminated her life.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BELINDA's request shall be complied with as soon as an opportunity offers.

JUVENIS's Essay is too imperfect for insertion.

Several favours have been just received, which shall all meet with due attention.

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*From a Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.  
Mackenzie, 77.*

STERNE.

*Pub. Sept. 1795. by T. Cadell, 179. Lane.*